Liberty

MAY 20, 1944 10c

Book: DER FUEHRER
Hitler's Rise to Power

SIBERIA
Land of Mystery and Fighting Strength

First among fine whiskies

THREE FEATHERS

Reserve

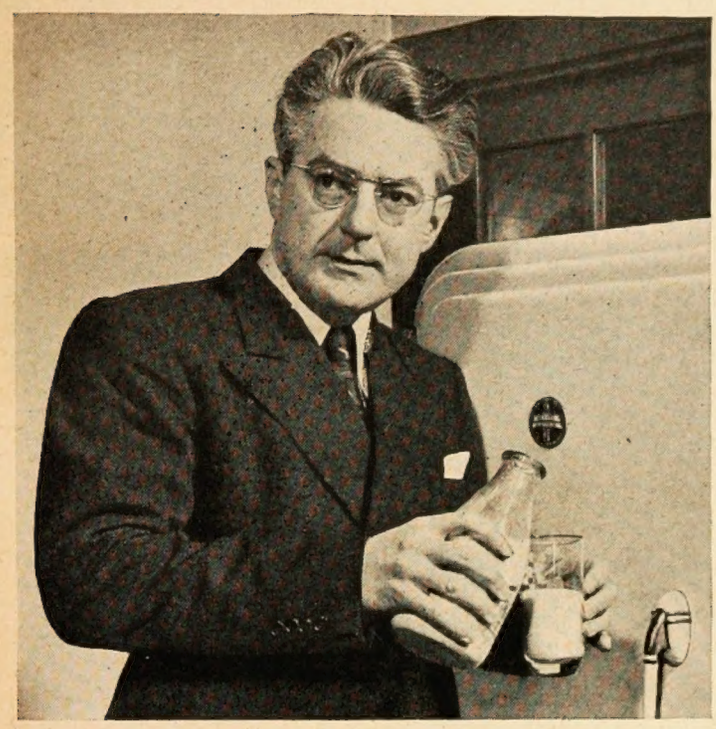
Please Note: Our distilleries are now producing alcohol for war use by the government. No whiskey has been made since October, 1942. The base whiskies you now enjoy in Three Feathers blended whiskey were drawn from our ever-diminishing inventories.

FEATHER YOUR NEST...HOLD THE WAR BONDS YOU BUY!

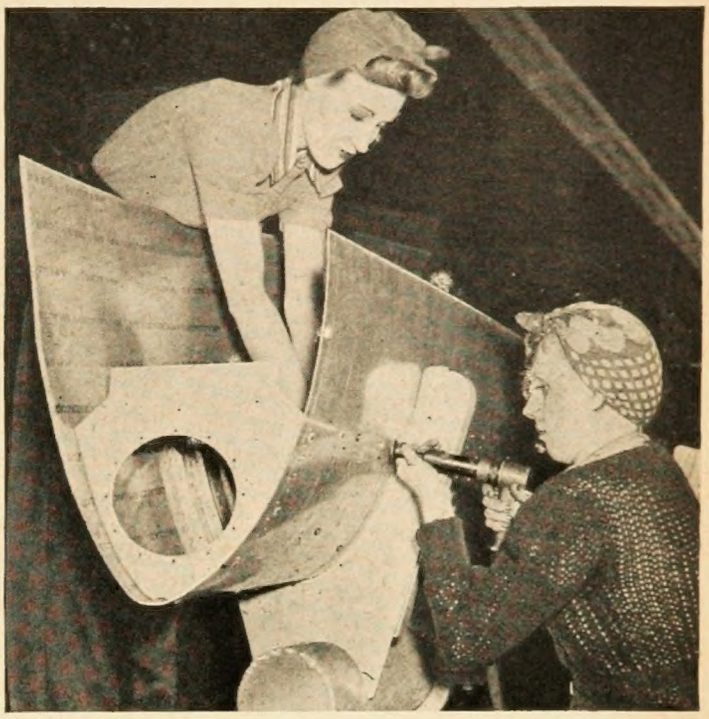
Three Feathers Distilling Company, New York, N. Y. Blended Whiskey, 86 proof, 60% cane products neutral spirits.

"No repairs in ten years . . . you bet we like our Servel"

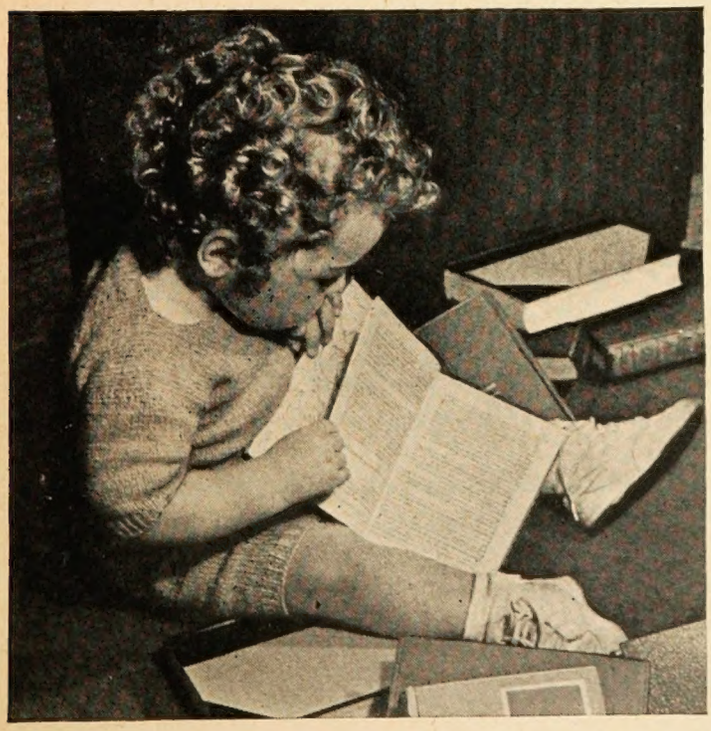
says Don Voorhees *radio's famous orchestra leader*



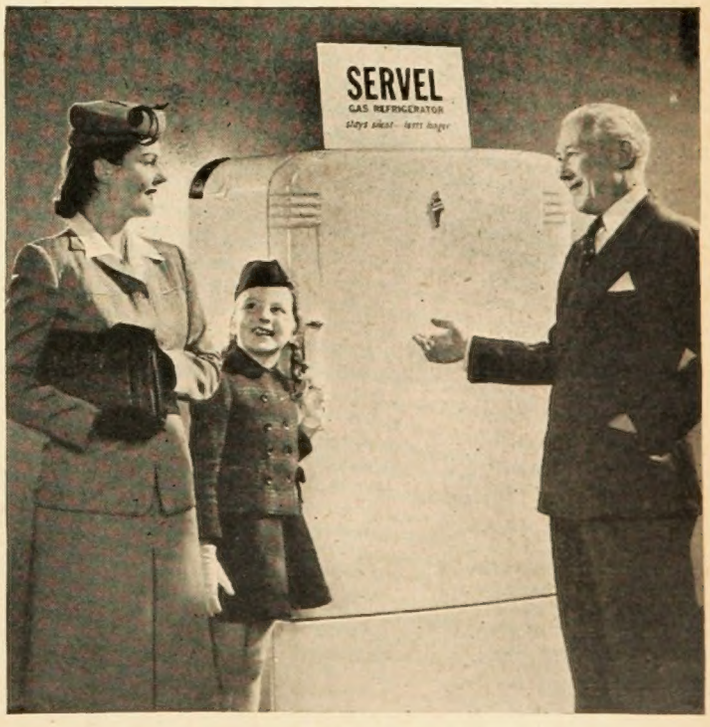
Mr. and Mrs. Don Voorhees are like two million other Americans who bought Servel Refrigerators before the war. They aren't worried, because they know that the Servel Gas Refrigerator is different from all other automatic refrigerators. It has no moving parts in its freezing system to wear, or break down, or become noisy.



Lots of people tell us they'd like to switch to a Servel Gas Refrigerator right now. But we're 100 per cent on war work. The refrigerators we have made go to the Army and Navy, because Servel is the one refrigerator that will operate anywhere. We plan to make more Servels than ever after the war . . . and more attractive ones, too.



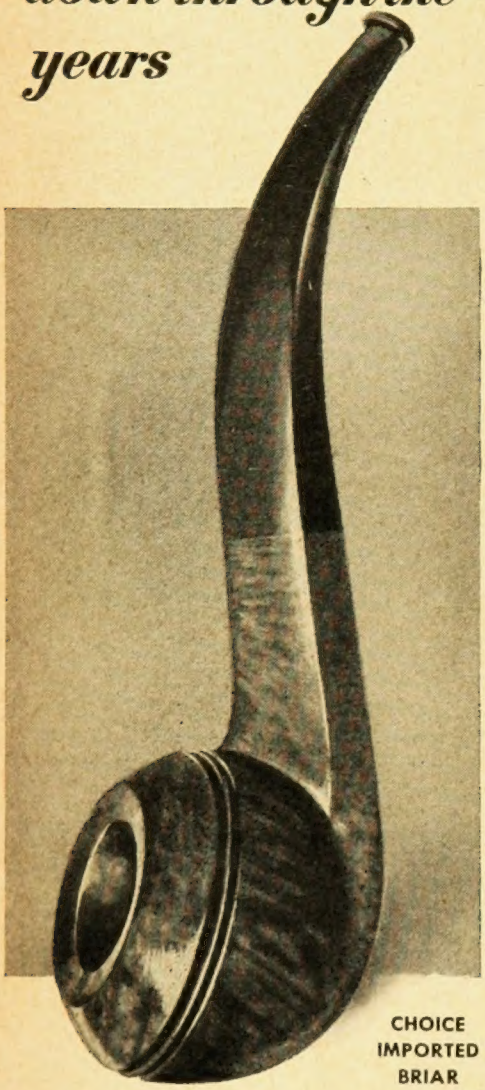
We promise you a wonderful new air conditioning system, too. It will heat homes in winter, cool them in summer, keep perfect humidity the year round—all with one simple unit. It's more than a post-war dream. Systems are on actual test in hundreds of homes, and have been for more than three years. They're working fine, too.



Your own Gas Company has always been Servel headquarters. That's where we introduced the Gas Refrigerator that "stays silent and lasts longer." New Servel products will be introduced there. If you're thinking of modernizing your home someday, why not let your Gas Company help you plan now? And to make your plans come true, buy War Bonds *today*.

EMPEROR
CHOICE IMPORTED BRIAR

Emperor will grow in value down through the years



CHOICE IMPORTED BRIAR

Years before the present turmoil, skilled men gathered from the four corners of the earth choicest briars nature took centuries to perfect.

From this priceless briar, devoted craftsmen created these masterpieces in the custom tradition.

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Cover: For Distinguished Service

PHOTO BY PAUL PARRY

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Liberty, May 20, 1944. Vol. 21, No. 21. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, 17, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1944, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

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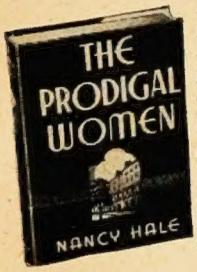

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

HE KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS

MOUNT PLEASANT, TEX.—Those Were the Days, by Edward Ringwood Hewitt (April 8 Liberty), is a very delightful and informative work. I suppose one reason I like it so much is because it brings to mind so many famous men of the past century. Those little known stories will stick with me for some time to come.

Also, Goldwyn's Golden Touch was a well written article. Please continue to give us articles concerning the motion-picture industry. Sports stories are also appreciated.—*Mickey Haggard.*

HOORAY FOR THE ART DEPARTMENT!

CHICAGO, ILL.—Mr. Hydeman, or whoever is responsible, is to be congratulated on using F. G. Cooper as illustrator of Vox Pop.

As a veteran magazine addict, I have not seen nearly as much of Mr. Cooper's

work as I should have liked in the past several years. I shall always remember with a slight nostalgia how his thumbnail illustrations warmed up the pages of pre-Luce Life Magazine.—*Mitchell Moon.*

F. G. Cooper is not a newcomer to Liberty. He was one of the first illustrators for Vox Pop back in the early '20s.—VOX POP EDITOR.

HUE AND CRY FROM HOLLYWOOD

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Liberty's movie review of Buffalo Bill (April 1) your reviewer says: "However, there's a definite air of unreality about the whole thing. The Indian tribes, for instance, have never looked phonier."

I produced the picture for Twentieth Century-Fox, and I would like to mention these facts:

As technical adviser on the Indian costumes, customs, tepees, hairdress, war paint, decorations, and color schemes for Buffalo Bill and all other important matters relating to the Indian sequences, we engaged Joe De Yong, a protégé of Charles M. Russell, the greatest Western artist of all time. Mr. De Yong is not only one of the foremost Western artists of the present times, but has lived with the Northern Indians for many years and is a genuine authority on the American Indian.

For the actual filming of the Indian scenes we went to the site of Custer's battlefield and used the Crow and Cheyenne Indian tribes. From each tribe we selected, as technical advisers, the Indians most qualified and best versed on tribal lore. In the Indian sequences we used *only two* actors who were not full-blooded Indians.

Many of the items of clothing worn by the Indians in our picture have been handed down from generation to generation.

If your movie reviewer were to study

The North American Indian, by George Catlin, I am sure he, or she, would find that our Indians were not "phony," but that, on the contrary, they were the most genuine Indians ever brought to the screen.

It may be that your reviewer has come to accept the usual motion-picture Indian as the real thing and thus believes the genuine article to be unreal.—*Harry Sherman, Producer of Buffalo Bill.*

It may be that our reviewer's conception of Indians was warped by a heavy diet of William S. Hart in her formative years. However, we've packed her off to the public library to bone up on tribal customs and good old Indian folklore.—VOX POP EDITOR.

UNDER-COVERED "COVER GIRL"?

AUGUSTA, ME.—I have just read in April 8 Liberty the opinions of your March 4 cover.

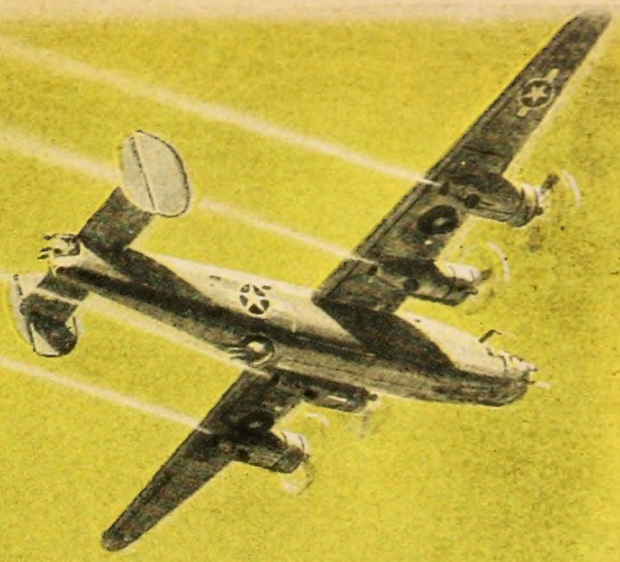
I was afraid I had missed the "naked belly of a buxom woman," so I looked up the issue. Imagine my surprise!

Haven't any Liberty readers ever seen a woman in a two-piece bathing suit? Even though the suits get narrower, our minds don't have to.—*Mrs. C. A. Barry, Jr.*

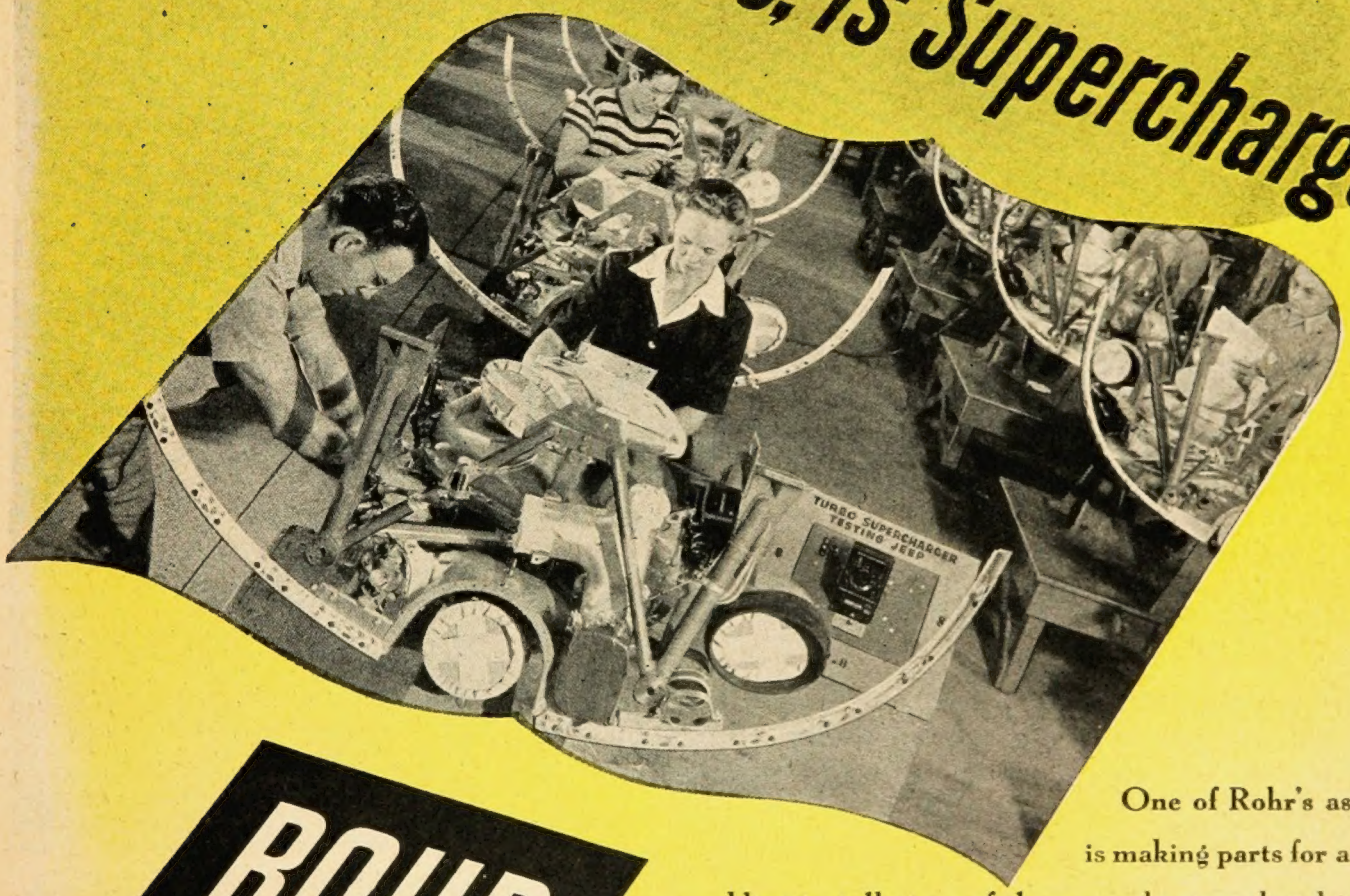
GROSSE POINTE, MICH.—Referring to Liberty's March 4 cover, Mary A. McCarthy should remember that the

Creator also made the "naked belly" (to which she objects) as well as the beautiful facial features, and it is only false prudishness, which originated during the darkness of the Middle Ages, that gives many people this false conception of "the human form divine" as something to be veiled from the light of day.—*William P. Wilkins.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—Right now Liberty ought to have a fast and furious article



PRODUCTION, too, is Supercharged



ROHR
AIRCRAFT
CORPORATION

CHULA VISTA, CALIFORNIA

HELPING TO WRITE
THE STORY OF TOMORROW

Supercharge your Bond Buying!

One of Rohr's assignments is making parts for and assembling installations of the superchargers that drive Liberators through the stratosphere. Rohr methods save hundreds of man hours on this one operation ★ This is another instance of how American manufacturing is supercharged to drive American production far above the reach of Axis enemies ★ The teamwork of American industry, working together for quicker victory is exemplified by sixty-five separate firms which contribute their engineering and production skill toward the completion of this supercharger installation. Teamwork for Victory, staying on the job to finish the job ... that's as American as Valley Forge ... or Tarawa.

SKIN SUFFERERS!

ZEMACOL, greaseless, medicated lotion relieves the itching and burning of

- ECZEMA
- ATHLETE'S FOOT
- POISON IVY or OAK
- CHIGGERS
- MOSQUITO BITES
- HEAT RASH
- SUNBURN, WINDBURN
- PRICKLY HEAT

Protects your skin with an invisible bandage!

Irritated skin is unsightly enough. Don't make it more conspicuous by what you put on it. Apply soothing ZEMACOL . . . it covers the affected parts with a medicated, invisible film of protection.

- **ZEMACOL is antiseptic**—*fights the development of infection.*
- **ZEMACOL is germicidal**—*it kills germs and bacteria on contact.*
- **ZEMACOL is fungicidal**—*it kills fungi on contact, including those found in so many cases of Athlete's Foot.*

Try ZEMACOL tonight—it's greaseless—doesn't mess up your clothes or interfere with your work. 50¢ at all drug stores. *Your druggist will refund full purchase price if you are not satisfied.*

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Norwich*

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

on the facts of life for a few of these women who are so afraid of disrupting the morals of servicemen with a good-looking gal on the front cover. They'd probably be shocked to hell if they could sit in on just one night's gabfest in some barracks.

Either that, or they are just jealous because their pictures are never hung up on the bulkheads. But I bet that if they were sent to some rock in the middle of the Pacific, to sit for about a year without the sight of a man, they'd probably have some glamour boy plastered on every palm tree.

It's just people like them that *we don't want to come home to.*—*Pfc. Mike Renaldo, U. S. M. C.*

JUST A DREAMER . . .

LA GRANGE, GA.—I enjoyed Curtis Reed's article entitled We'll Still Use Ships (April 8 Liberty). When the other war was ended, many of our commercial ships were scrapped or put in port to rot. That was needless waste. When this war is over, unless the government decides to keep many ships in service for economic reasons, I don't see why some thrifty business concern couldn't buy them. Just picture one of our shipshape liners, outfitted to hold extra passengers and—maybe a swimming

pool. Slowly the ship would come into many different ports (imagine the beautiful tropic sunsets and their colorful native markets) for, say, a fifty-dollar cruise. Wouldn't it be wonderful! Dreamily yours—*D. B. W.*

A MAN AFTER OUR OWN HEART

NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—If A. Tecchini (March 11 Vox Pop) doesn't think Liberty is worth ten cents, he either doesn't know what he wants, since Liberty has a little of everything, or he has never been overseas for any length of time. If he had, he would have at least "learned" to like the long-waited-for magazine.—*E. Bertschinger, Jr., MM 1/c, U. S. N.*

WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME!

COLORADO—There are a lot of us expendable G. I.s that are trying to figure out this soldiers' vote bill. As long as I have been able to read and understand some of the history of our democracy, I thought citizens of these United States were able to vote.

Now, if our vote is taken away, there are going to be a lot of very busy federal judges after this war is over, making citizens out of us expendable G. I.s.

There are also a lot of us in this Army who, we know, won't come back. But we leave behind us some of our family. It is for them that we want to protect our ideas of democracy by putting in office men who will carry out the ideas of the majority—not men who just try to get their names in the papers!—*S/Sgt. K. L. Hiatt.*

EATING STOPS
IF AMERICA'S HIGHWAY TRANSPORTATION SYSTEM FAILS

Trucks helped make America the best-fed nation on earth—*EVEN IN WAR!*

Stop all the nation's trucks and we would begin to go hungry—*in less than a week!* Food production is geared to truck transport, just as war production is. No other transportation system has the delivery speed and flexibility to handle the job.

Trucks get perishable foods to market faster, fresher. They prevent waste and spoilage . . . overcome shortages quickly . . . save you *plenty* on good eating! On top of this—trucks haul, for the Services, 11½ billion pounds of Lend-Lease food for our Allies . . . keep our Army and Navy well-fed.

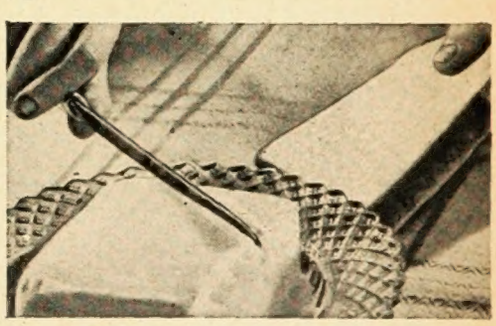
But our vital food and war production will be imperiled—unless obstacles to truck transport are removed *soon!*

60% OF THE MEAT—cattle, hogs, sheep, and lamb—is rushed to stockyards by truck. Truck-hauled livestock loses less weight . . . gives farmer more income . . . lowers prices to you.

100% OF THE MILK for 34 large cities, most milk for other cities and towns is hauled and delivered by truck. Glass-lined tank trucks protect health, too!

89% OF THE POULTRY received alive at Chicago, 79% received in New York, arrives by truck . . . at less cost per pound.

51% OF THE VEGETABLES and fruit for our largest cities comes by truck . . . Fresh foods rich in healthful vitamins.



45% OF THE BUTTER . . . most cream, eggs and cheese . . . Even canned and packaged foods come all or part way by truck.

TO KEEP AMERICANS EVERYWHERE WELL-FED, WELL-ARMED, TRUCKS MUST BE KEPT ROLLING!

Despite shortages of truck equipment, restrictions on rubber, poor quality gasoline, and manpower difficulties, truck transportation has smashed bottlenecks on food and war production by cutting delivery time in half!

But trucks can't surmount handicaps forever. Only a small fraction of worn-out equipment is replaceable today. Over-worked vehicles often stand idle for lack of repair parts. Conflicting state regulations, licenses and taxes hamstring truck efficiency. Special taxes on trucks exceed 1⅓ MILLION DOLLARS A DAY. Yet, roads that are inadequately maintained, slow and endanger irreplaceable equipment.

To keep food and war materials moving swiftly, highway transport must be given sufficient new equipment *quickly.* Highway bottlenecks must be completely erased. Highway Commissions must be given tools, materials and men needed to maintain roads regularly.

THE AMERICAN TRUCKING INDUSTRY

AMERICAN TRUCKING ASSOCIATIONS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

EVERY MILE FREIGHT TRUCKS ROLL BRINGS VICTORY CLOSER

A Pop-Gun for Private Pringle?

No. Private Pringle needs the real thing—the best we can give him. That's why popguns are scarce in Fred Harvey shops these days. So are many more of the clever metal toys and gifts that used to catch your eye. The materials that went into them . . . the men and machines that made them . . . are needed now to turn out *fighting* weapons.

But a mere temporary shortage of metal articles could never change the colorful, inviting atmosphere always found in Fred Harvey shops. Along the counters and shelves . . . and in the tempting display windows . . . you'll still find most of the things you'd like to buy. If the particular gift or toy you have in mind is missing, just remember it's helping Private Pringle wherever U. S. armed forces are attacking.

Remember, too, that in Fred Harvey restaurants, hotels, and dining cars we're serving tens of thousands of uniformed men and women *every day*—in addition to our tremendously increased wartime civilian patronage. With food rationing so severe and help so scarce, we can't always offer you the kind of service you've come to expect.

Your good-humored acceptance of these things has helped us do a better wartime job. After victory our shops will be *completely* stocked . . . and in our restaurants and hotels the old-time Fred Harvey hospitality will be back again—to *stay*.

★ ★ ★

AFTER THE WAR, with money you're saving in War Bonds, *travel* and see the America for which we are fighting. Visit the world-famous Fred Harvey Hotels at Grand Canyon National Park and in old Santa Fe, New Mexico.

★ 1089

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THERE'S NO FRONT LIKE HOME

By Robert M. Yoder

Liberty's Book Condensation

This is a war book about that critical front called home, which may not be heroic but has a confusing charm all its own—a book where the laughs break faster than the waves in a high sea.

It's also the rallying call of all the cash customers who are Frozen or Rationed—who are Overage or Nonessential; whose Victory Gardens are a bust; whose tires are worn to a thread; and who don't rate more than an A card anyhow.

WHAT AILS THE IRISH?

By Betty Milton Gaskill

Do you know why Eire is still neutral? Do you really know how the fiery-tempered Irish feel about it? A reporter who is on the scene picks up the pieces and makes a jigsaw puzzle clear.

PRESS CONFERENCE HIGH LIGHTS

By Alfred Toombs

Some mighty fancy talking goes on when the great and near-great meet the famed gentlemen of the press. Here's a peek behind the curtains with a star Washington newsman.

OLD SARGE SEES ACTION

By Old Sarge

Liberty proudly presents its own submersible, Old Sarge, in a walloping trip across—not to mention into—the Atlantic. Batten your hatches and hang on!

POSTAL PARSONS

By Stacey Hicks

"New-Way" prayers give comfort and help to thousands of people every day. Do you know what they are? Here's the story of two men who changed a post office into a pulpit.

DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER

Part Four

By Lieut. Max Miller, U.S.N.R.

D-Day arrives at last! The carrier's planes take to the air to fulfill her mission. Watch the story unfold from the "island"—and fly breathlessly on a bombing run over Jap territory.

BESSIE ARBRUSTER GOES A-SCUTTLIN'

By Ronald G. Sercombe

Bessie pinch-hits for the Coast Guard and outmaneuvers a burning ship with a cargo of TNT. Another exciting story of our riotous female skipper.

NEXT OF KIN

By Charles Bonner

Bill was just the next name on the casualty list until he entered the Williams home—and turned the shrine of mourning into a real home once more.

ALWAYS A RARE TREAT

One taste will tell you why

We're doing our best to spread our prewar stocks of Old Grand-Dad fairly—as we're now engaged in war production of alcohol.

Old Grand-Dad is Kentucky straight bourbon whiskey, bottled in bond, 100 proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Heavy caliber guns on either side of North American B-25 Mitchell bombers are protected against moisture, until combat, with a cellulose material.

Our Bomber Offensive

Here is a round-up of the strategy behind our bomber offensive over Germany, from authentic Army Air Forces sources, which will not only explain our objectives in the first real all-out air assault on an enemy country but will put in perspective the progress of this offensive to date. Commentators today too often are saying that bombing cannot win the war, but the following summary is designed to show that our real bomber assault got under way only in February of this year, hence it is presumptuous to draw conclusions in advance for a type of air war that has never been fought before.

Facts and Figures

The first U. S. heavy bombers to bomb German-occupied Europe took off from their British bases in small force on August 17, 1942. The ensuing sixteen and one half months, up through the end of 1943, were devoted largely to experiment, preparation, and the accumulation of strength.

In those sixteen and one half preparatory months the Eighth Air Force flew 19,329 sorties (a sortie being a single flight by a single plane) and dropped 48,451 tons of bombs on German-occupied industrial regions of Europe.

But up to the end of 1943 we were just getting organized.

In the first two months and five days of 1944 our heavy bombers flew 12,790 sorties and dropped 31,883 tons of bombs on this same industrial system—and all this in bad-weather months. We were just getting in our stride.

Nineteen Days

The first real demonstration of intensified strategic airpower came in the nineteen days between February 20 and March 9 of this year. In this short period our Eighth Air Force sent out 7,044 heavy-bomber sorties, escorted by fighter planes flying 10,356 sorties and dropping 17,256 tons of bombs on German industrial installations.

This nineteen-day assault meant that 80,796 American fighting men with bombs in hand—equivalent to almost eight mechanized divisions—went over the iron wall of Germany to blast vital industrial targets in the heart of the Nazi fortress.

These 80,000 fighting Americans each averaged four hours of direct contact with the enemy in each deep penetration. More than 300,000 man-hours of direct face-to-face conflict with the Nazi enemy were experienced by these aerial units.

A total of 1,023 defending enemy planes were destroyed in combat, to our loss of 414 heavy bombers and 121 fighters. Of 4,261 of our own men lost, at least half—based on past experience—are alive as prisoners of war.

This nineteen-day air battle was new in history. Never before had 80,000 soldiers penetrated so deeply into enemy territory and wrecked vital installations at so relatively small a cost in casualties. The equivalent of the heaviest artillery had been flown into the heart of German industry for bombing at a vertical height of only five miles.

The Strategic Goal

The long-range strategic bomber offensive of the Eighth Air Force, based in Britain, is aimed at the destruction of Nazi fighter-plane strength *and* production.

The dilemma of the once vaunted Luftwaffe is whether to conserve its fighter strength to oppose western front land operations and permit U. S. bombers to destroy aircraft plants unchallenged, or to use up its fighter strength in endeavoring to stop our bombers and thus protect its factories. Either way, the Luftwaffe loses in the end; the choice is not a happy one to make.

When the Allies win the present air campaign against the Luftwaffe by reducing Nazi fighter output to such low strength that the Germans cannot replace their losses in the air, the destruction of Germany's key war-making industries will proceed at a much faster pace.

Destruction of the enemy air force is the number one objective. It is a prelude to any land attack. The reasons are twofold. Our strategic bombers will then be able to move about over Germany unhampered, knocking out key industrial installations and communication centers. And Nazi fighters will not be able to impede our land invasion, leaving our tactical air forces free to blast enemy ground defenses in the path of our land forces.

By the end of March the Luftwaffe was in a precarious situation. Its losses in combat were so serious that there was a question whether replacements from its remaining factories could keep pace. This did not mean that the Luftwaffe necessarily was on its last legs; it merely meant that the critical period was being reached, and once that period had been passed, the destruction of the remaining air strength itself was only a matter of time, assuming our ability to maintain a repeated hammering.

Next week we'll tell you how the Army Air Forces sizes up and analyzes German aircraft production and how the Nazis recuperate from their production setbacks.

Aviation Country Clubs

One can predict with certainty that aviation country clubs will dot the nation after the war. They will be strictly for the private flyer, replete with clubrooms, some of them with swimming pools and other recreational facilities, and a landing field to accommodate all types of private planes.

Before the war there were a few such clubs, some of them being mere organizations which took regular Sunday or week-end flying tours. One of the best was the Long Island Aviation Country Club, which owned its own clubhouse and landing field. Such clubs not only provide recreation for plane owners, but make it possible for non-plane owners to rent planes for pleasure flights.

Two Cleveland aviation men have just announced plans for the construction of a Miami Aviation Country Club north of Miami between famous Biscayne Boulevard and the bay. Although work has actually been started on a landing field, the club is a postwar project, the most interesting feature of which will be picturesque houses fronting on runways and taxi strips, each house equipped with a plane garage. So, when you want a winter vacation, you simply pack your bags into your private plane, land in front of your winter villa, and there you are. There will be many such enterprises in all parts of the country.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

VERY FEW OF OUR readers, we feel, will fail to read Der Fuehrer, the condensation of the remarkable book written by Konrad Heiden, and which is part of this issue. Born in Munich himself, Heiden witnessed the rise of Hitler and the growth of the Nazi party, which he opposed with everything he had. He was present at the infamous Beerhall Putsch of November, 1923, and covered the trial of Leader Adolf for the Frankfurter Zeitung, and saw him go to prison. For seven years after that he spent most of his time studying the Nazi movement and its adherents. A passionate democrat, he wrote a History of National Socialism, which was publicly burned but which is still regarded as the standard work on the subject. Naturally, he was hunted by the Gestapo, but escaped in June, 1933, when he fled to the Saar, then under the League of Nations. He lived in France (sometimes in an internment camp), but when Germany invaded the country he managed to slip through the net. He now lives in New York.

WHILE STILL A HIGH school sophomore Keith Monroe began earning money as a newspaper correspondent and, graduating, launched his own weekly sheet with a capital of twenty-five dollars, and made enough money to see him through Stanford and U. C. L. A.! He's in 4-F, but he quit his job in an advertising agency to work in an aircraft plant, where he's a public relations man.

DOUBTLESS YOU'VE been enjoying Daybreak for Our Carrier, by Max Miller. From the days of World War I, when he was a mere lad, he was associated with the U. S. Navy, and in the spring of 1942, though over forty, he was commissioned, and during the past two years has been on active duty ashore and afloat. He writes from a ringside seat.

THE EDITORS.

ARBORTOWN'S PARK BECOMES AN AIRPORT

THE mayor and almost every citizen of small, wide-awake Arbortown wanted an airport. They knew their flying sons and daughters in the Service, and countless others, would want to fly after Victory. They realized that landing facilities promised a bright and prosperous future for Arbortown.

Everyone considered the location of landing facilities most important. So a section of the park has now been converted into Arbortown's own airport—conveniently located to the town! It is modest at present but has fine possibilities for expansion as traffic warrants. Arbortown is ready for the coming air age! After Victory you can land there and at thousands of other towns in your peacetime Piper Cub.

Is your town ready to offer its citizens and transients the convenience of landing facilities? If not, it should plan an inexpensive landing strip or airport now—for its citizens and its future! A new booklet, "What Your Town Needs for the Coming Air Age", gives the why, where and how of building landing facilities. For your free copy, write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department LB54W, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

GET YOUR AVIATION BOOKLET—"Piper Cub . . . In War and In Peace." Full color, 32 pages. Covers history of light plane, Piper Cub planes, coming air age, how to fly. Enclose 10c in stamps or coin for postage-handling. Write Piper Aircraft Corporation, Department LB54, Lock Haven, Pennsylvania.

★ ★ ★

PIPER *Cub*

Points the Way to Wings for All Americans

BREAKING A BOTTLENECK !

Texaco scientists found way to Break Isobutane Bottleneck to speed Production of 100-octane Aviation Gasoline

Millions upon millions of gallons of fine 100-octane gasoline are required to keep America's vast air armadas flying.

One of the difficulties in producing this vast quantity of gasoline was this:

It takes a gallon of isobutane to produce four gallons of aviation gasoline. And until recently, isobutane had to be made by a slower, time-consuming process. That bottleneck was broken.

Texaco Research has developed a new but already vitally important "liquid catalyst" process for converting plentiful butane into precious isobutane. A process that can operate continuously, without periodic shutdowns. It requires less plant equipment than any previous process.

After the war is won, this typical development of Texaco Research will put lightning getaway, smoother pick-up, unprecedented power into your new car! And more miles per gallon!

Coming... a finer **FIRE-CHIEF** *gasoline and a finer Sky Chief gasoline because of Texaco's work in this war*

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

SOVFOTO

Siberia has its sunny shirt-sleeve days, too. This is Khabarovsk, capital of the Soviet Union's Far Eastern territory.

SIBERIA, THE WAKING GIANT

BY MAURICE HINDUS

Moscow (by cable).

SIBERIA is the waking giant of the world. So sudden and rapid has been the rise of this giant that the outside world, least of all Hitler, is barely aware of it. That is why in the early months of the war Hitler and his spokesmen announced eighteen times that the Red Army was so badly battered it never again could rise to its feet.

Even while he was celebrating its "collapse," Stalin was secretly mustering Siberian tanks and planes, Siberian guns and shells, Siberian bread and meat, Siberian manpower and hardihood. When the German Army was at the gateway to Moscow, Stalin fused the might of the Siberian giant with the might of other parts of Russia and dealt the German Army a staggering blow—the first it had suffered since it embarked on its crusade to conquer the world.

In the Battle of Stalingrad it was the same story. Infuriated by his defeat on the Moscow front, Hitler resolved to capture Stalingrad at all costs. Loudly he had proclaimed that no power on earth could throw him out of the forty-mile-long Volga city into which he had flung the pick of his armored legions. Stalin was silent. The Russian press was silent. Yet Siberia hummed and roared with action. No German ear heard it. No German eye saw it. But when enough Siberian armament had rolled into European Russia to give the Red Army of Stalingrad a preponderance of military strength, it flung a steel noose around the 300,000 German Army and inflicted on it the greatest disaster any German Army has ever known.

In the battles last summer and autumn at Orel, Kursk, Kharkov, and Kiev history was repeating itself. It continued to repeat itself in White Russia and in the western Ukraine. The reserve strength of the Siberian giant has enabled the Red Army to hammer and hack away at Hitler's once vaunted Reichswehr in summer as well as in winter. Immense as has been the lend-lease aid which America has been sending to Russia, without Siberia Russia couldn't possibly be winning this war. Thus the land which the outside world for generations has thought of as bleak wilderness and a desolate penal colony is deciding the destiny of Russia and Europe—indeed, of the world.

Beyond Russia's Ural Mountains lies a vast modern wonderland—Siberia. Visit it with this crack reporter and learn how war has made it the greatest boom land in the world

No wonder that last July Hitler's own newspaper, Völkischer Beobachter, exclaimed, "It seems that from somewhere out behind the Urals a giant wizard is continually hurling forth an inexhaustible amount of armament and manpower."

The story of Siberia is one of the most exciting of our times. In 1581 a Cossack outlaw named Yermak, accompanied only by 1,681 Cossack followers, wandered into Siberia and seized the ruling Tartar settlement. Yermak was drowned in the Irtysh River, but the conquest he had started the Russian czars completed. Siberia became a Russian possession.

For centuries the czars were inter-

(Continued on page 69)

THE SPHINX

MR. THADDEUS K. DARK, active head of Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, Counselors-at-Advertising, was baffled.

"I don't understand it," he barked, thumping his desk.

Neither did the two high-powered account executives. Nor the New Business man.

Mr. Dark, short, round, with graying hair and ruddy complexion, glared about his beautiful pine-paneled office. The glare fell flat. Mr. Dark's blue eyes were more accustomed to twinkling than glaring.

"Well, Chlo," he boomed suddenly, "you haven't said anything."

The fifth member of the congregation raised eyes from her shorthand pad. Miss Chlorinda Calder knew Mr. Dark considered his boom a fearsome thing. Sometimes she wished she could be afraid of it. Mr. Dark would have been so pleased.

Chlo had large black eyes with faint tawny gleams. The tawny lights suggested that her eyes might burst into little black-and-yellow flames should she become emotional. They were long eyes too, infinitesimally slanted. The slant, plus an unconscious habit of wrinkling her nose, gave her a slightly quizzical expression.

"Even butter can't better it," she said irrelevantly. Her voice was low-pitched, husky.

"Eh?" said Mr. Dark.

Chlo wrinkled her nose. There was a small pattern of freckles across its bridge and a barely perceptible scar, shaped like a quarter moon, high on one cheekbone. Freckles and scar crescent responded charmingly to the wrinkle.

"I was just quoting Mr. Matlock's slogan," she said.

T. K. Dark banged the desk again. "We are not discussing Matlock's slogan. We're trying to decide why Matlock acts like a crazy man."

Plaintiveness had crept into his tone. Obviously T. K. was wondering why a man with all his success should be saddled with a secretary who couldn't keep her eye on the ball.

"Now then," Mr. Dark said, "I'll restate the situation. Jerome S. Matlock of Eurekaville, Kansas, manufacturer of Matlock's Magnificent Margarine, comes to New York. Incidentally, he hasn't been here in twenty years. And Mr. Matlock gives out that he's ready to change his advertising agency. But it comes over the grapevine," proceeded Mr. Dark, "that three of the biggest agencies have contacted Mr. Matlock and had very peculiar experiences with him. He's listened to their presentations. But he's appeared nervous and—er—distraught."

The New Business man said, "Don't forget, T. K., that at Parton and West, Matlock walked out in the middle of the meeting. Gave no explanation. Just left. Right when Sam Parton was turning on the heat."

"The point, gentlemen"—T. K. got his second wind—"is that at two P. M., Thursday, day after tomorrow, we've got an appointment with Matlock. Now

Chlo slugged. "I'll tell you why! Because they are wonderful ads!"

CAN DANCE

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

Chlo paints the town red and breaks down the sales resistance of a tycoon. Introducing a super-secretary who is every client's headache and every boss's dream

our methods are similar to those of other agencies. And if he doesn't like their approach, why should he like ours?"

"Perhaps," Chlo said, "he'll just go for the ads Chuck and Pix have whipped up for him."

"H'm." Mr. Dark didn't seem too sure. "Well, if you people get any ideas for tightening our presentation, or handling a queer duck like Matlock, let me have them, quick. I only wish I . . ." His voice trailed off.

The trailing-off signified that the powwow was over.

Chlo arose. She was five feet ten of unexaggerated slimness from her upswept hair, black as a crow's feather save for one alien patch of white over the left temple, to her suède slippers.

SHE sought the office of Pixsley, head art director. The door was locked. Chlo's slim fist rapped three times. The door opened.

Chlo eased in. Pixsley, a small brown-faced man with alert whimsical eyes, was bent over his drawing board. Chuck Eiler, copy chief, closed the door.

"Now in this layout, Pix," Chuck began, "we'll have . . ."

"Fake," interrupted Chlo, squinting. "An act. I'll take the papers, please."

Eiler and Pixsley exchanged bland glances.

"Pay no attention." Pixsley gestured with quick nervous hands. "She's cracked. I can't understand why you go for her, Chuck."

Suddenly Chlo twitched a tissue rough from a stand on Pixsley's right. A deck of cards stood unveiled.

"Aha!" She pounced on it. "Down the river again, eh?"

Down the river was a game that Eiler and Pixsley played ad infinitum. They kept perpetual score on the white plaster wall of Pixsley's office.

Pixsley sighed. "What she costs us in cards a year would build another battleship!"

Eiler looked Chlo over. "Frankly, the creature isn't beautiful. She's all on the slant, somehow. But she's a combination of attractive imperfections that—well, jell. However, I incline toward the nut cult."

"Take me apart, boys," invited Chlo. "While you're at it, I'll have another look at those margarine ads."

Eiler crossed the room. Eiler was tall, lean, sharp-featured. He walked with a slight limp, acquired at Guadalcanal. Pixsley had never been in uniform. An accident to his left hand had made that member practically useless. But he needed only his right to be a Grade A art director.

Eiler picked up a bunch of mounted layouts. "There you are. And good."

They were good—very good. Eiler and Pixsley were a sure-fire team. Chlo said, "I suppose you've written some drool for these, Chuck?"

"Chuck," Pixsley said, "has some swell copy."

Chlo looked over the ads. "Well, if anything can impress this wretched margarine hound, these ought to. By-by now, boys. I love you both very dearly." She went out—with the confiscated cards.

In her own small office, she thought again of the mystery man from Kansas. The ads that Chuck and Pixsley had developed were swell, but undoubtedly the competition had exhibited swell ads too, and hadn't reached first base. Why? Chlo asked herself. What was . . .

She paused. Something elusive had begun flitting on the edges of her brain. Five minutes later she pressed her desk buzzer.

A small girl popped in. She looked like a studious and slightly dishevcled blonde mouse.

"Wintzy," said Chlo, "until further notice, I am in seclusion."

Miss Wintz, undersecretary to Chlo and under-undersecretary to Mr. Dark, began mousish objection. "But if the boss . . ."

"You can handle him," Chlo said encouragingly. "And don't forget his digestion tablet at eleven thirty."

Miss Wintz sighed and vanished. Chlo locked the door. For a moment she hesitated. Then she remembered that J. S. Matlock spent a cool two million per annum for advertising. The dizzy sum decided her.

"I could be," Chlo Calder said aloud, aware of a faint prickling sensation in her outer skin, "America's Number One Dope. But here goes!" For the next hour and a half Miss Calder became just heaven's gift to the telephone company. . . .

By Thursday noon the agency's conference room was ready to receive the margarine magnate. The huge mahogany table had been well dusted. At each place lay a clean yellow scratch-pad and a sharpened pencil. The brain children of Eiler and Pixsley, a multitude of advertising campaigns extolling the virtues of Matlock's Magnificent Margarine, flourished on the big cork display board and inhabited the waist-high molding around the walls. Nothing remained save to whittle away J. S. Matlock's sales resistance.

Chlo looked in and gave her O. K. Then she went on to T. K. Dark's office.

T. K., about to depart for lunch, paused, coat collar turned up. "It is nice," he observed, "to find you still employed here."

"Why, what do you mean, T. K.?" Almost maternally Chlo turned the coat collar down.

"Stop fussing with me!" T. K. fumed. "Where have you been all morning? I ring for you and I get Miss Wintz." He sounded sold out.

Once again Chlo felt that prickly skin sensation. "This morning?" she said brightly. "Let's see. Oh, I know. I was having some photostats made and . . ."

"Never mind." T. K. stumped to the door. "I have two things to say. First, no person has brought me any ideas for handling Matlock. Secondly, some day I will get me a secretary who'll stay in the same city I'm in." He exited.

THE chauffeur, a robot in black whipcord, brought his long shiny car to an expert stop before a Park Avenue hostelry of international repute. The time was 1.40 P. M.

A lady descended. She wore a little black hat with a bright jewel clip. Silver foxes drooped from her shoulders. In a less genteel neighborhood she might have been strangled for the honest-to-John nylons on her slim legs.

Chlo marched to the hotel desk, deposited a large package and an envelope with the clerk, then inquired for Mr. Jerome S. Matlock. Several min-

(*Continued on page 48*)

"Take me apart," invited Chlo. "I'll look at the ads."

WASHINGTON IS UNDERCROWDED

IS Washington the jam-packed bedlam we read about and see in the movies? 'Tain't so, says the Navy. In fact, there aren't enough people there. Thousands more girls and women are needed to do the vital paper work necessary to run the war. Waves are wanted, preferably, but if a girl can't enlist, the Navy offers civilian jobs as typists, stenographers, clerks, and such.

Any girl not now employing her highest skill in war work is eligible for a civilian job in the Navy at civilian pay ranging from $146 to $182 a month. It's just like working for a private concern, except the work has a lot more spice to it. It's directly connected with the behind-the-scenes planning and execution of Naval operations. The Navy's civilian clerks work alongside and with the keen-brained officers who map the Navy's strategy.

When the Navy needs anything, it sets out to get it. Right now it wants a lot more girls and women to come to Washington and work. The usual Navy thoroughness is being applied to the task of finding them. Applications are invited at any civil service or U. S. employment office. As soon as an applicant satisfactorily completes an examination, the Navy takes over.

The girls are taken to Washington and cared for from the moment of their arrival at Union Station. There's a counselor for each bureau employing girls. Her job is to advise upon any matter, even personal, and to see that the path is made pleasant both in work and in social activity.

Despite the reputed crowded conditions in wartime Washington, the Navy guarantees cheerful, comfortable lodgings, Navy inspected, at moderate rates, where girls may bunk alone or with roommates if they prefer. There's always something to do, some place to go, or some one to meet. Washington is full of gold braid and lots of ordinary G. I.s too, who in their own way can be even more exciting. It's the capital of the world and one passes famous people on every street corner. Without exaggeration, a tour of duty as a Navy civilian employee in wartime Washington is not only a help to the war effort but one of the most exciting experiences of a lifetime.

Union Station in Washington, capital of the world. But no traveler's worries for the Navy girl, her job and lodging set.

The first feeling of strangeness is quickly erased and the "recruit's" entrance into a new life eased by a counselor.

Past this row of gracious houses where they and many of their colleagues live, stroll two Navy Department girls.

Navy Department jobs are many and varied, but all of them are stimulating, none dull. Office in Aeronautics Bureau.

Supplies and Accounts. Typist, stenographer, or clerk, the Navy girl is part of the gigantic operations which run the fleet.

Time out for lunch means good, nourishing, and inexpensive food at a government cafeteria where a dietitian plans menus.

Vast amount of paper work preceding our engagements at sea is expedited by such workers as those at Hydrographic Office.

Housing is guaranteed by the Navy. Girls may secure rooms alone or share them with companions of own age and interests.

Washington calendar of social affairs is a crowded one. Evenings and week-ends of Navy girls are swirls of dancing and fun.

Historic Washington is a sightseer's paradise, with famous landmarks on every hand. Girls and escorts at the Lincoln Memorial.

CAREER

Ray lost his freedom when he jilted the richest girl in town, and for the next thirty years people wondered if it was love or revenge that guided her life

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY WILL F. JENKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

MAYBE this is a love story, covering thirty years, or maybe it's something else. It could be one of those quietly bitter things that everybody politely ignores, or something the old people in Ashton will talk about sentimentally until the memory of it dies with them.

It isn't very specific. Nobody knows how or when Letty Reynolds fell in love with Ray Shields, she being the town heiress and really pretty besides, and he the son of the head bookkeeper in the mill she owned. Nobody knows why, though he was good-looking enough in those days and is a handsome man still. But everybody knows that Ray and Letty were engaged in the summer of 1913, and that just two weeks before the date set for the wedding Ray eloped with Sarah Baker, who'd worshiped him since she was in pigtails. He jilted Letty brutally—and she was the richest girl in town, and Sarah was just a nice girl with nothing remarkable about her one way or the other.

Some people said Sarah made Ray write a note before they eloped, so that Letty would have warning before the town knew about it. Maybe that's so. Anyhow, Letty had gone away on a sudden trip before the news did leak out, and she stayed away. She was in Europe for several months, and she came back just before the war started—the last war, that is.

RAY and Sarah had been married almost a year when Letty's house was reopened. She appeared in town, composed and friendly and completely ignoring what had happened. And just a few days after her return she was downtown when she ran right into Ray and Sarah, walking together. You might have expected her to act peculiar, but she didn't. She smiled and nodded and said, "Howdo, Ray. Howdo, Sarah," and went on as if she'd seen them only the day before and nothing had happened at all.

But she was the town's heiress. She owned the spinning mill and a big block of stock in the bank, and half the stores paid rent to her father's estate—which was hers after all. She had plenty of money and plenty of influence if she wanted to use it. Everybody had been holding their breath to see how she'd act when she saw Ray. But she didn't give a sign that anything was wrong when she did see him, and the town was disappointed.

But a week later Ray lost his job. He didn't work in Letty's mill after his marriage, of course. When he came back from his elopement, he only went to the mill office to get his office coat. Then he got another job. That was the one he lost a week after Letty came home. Then he got another. He lost it in two months. He got still another. That one lasted him three months.

The town sat up. It was reasonable that Letty wasn't going to move away from Ashton, where she'd been born and brought up and where she owned property. It was certain that if she chose to put on pressure, a good many people would feel obliged to cold-shoulder Ray Shields. But it didn't seem much like Letty. Ray didn't accuse her of it. He just said dryly, "It looks like it would be sensible for me to leave town. But I won't!"

Nobody quite dared ask Letty about it, of course. You don't go to a girl who's been jilted by a man and ask her point-blank if she's using her money to drive him out of town so she won't be reminded of it. But there were a good many people who suddenly got afraid to be overfriendly with Ray and Sarah—people who had notes in the bank Letty owned stock in, and people who were afraid of their jobs at the mill. Ray's and Sarah's list of friends dropped alarmingly. And Ray couldn't get another job.

He was out of work for more than two months, and Sarah began to look frayed and bitter. There were rumors that she was begging Ray to move to another town and start over. But the rumors said that Ray had told her doggedly that his folks had helped settle this town and he wasn't going to be driven out of it by anybody. There was even a rumor that Sarah went to see Letty, fierce and desperate, to try to make her see how unfair it was to persecute Ray, even if he—and Sarah too—had played her a mean trick. Sarah never denied the rumor, but what happened later made it seem unlikely, and it was pretty well forgotten. As a matter of fact, though, she did go to see Letty. But she never said a word about it even to Ray. It must have been a peculiar interview.

It wasn't much over two months, however, before Ray got a job with the Acme Grain and Feed Company as bookkeeper. It was one of their branch stores. They have them all over the state. Ray said dryly that it was a good thing the owners didn't live in Ashton. With an out-of-town boss, he said, maybe he'd be judged by the work he did instead of by how important the people were who disliked him.

He worked there for two years without a break, and the question of how Letty felt about him sort of dropped into the background. Then Ray got restive. Being bookkeeper for the Acme Grain and Feed Company wasn't a particularly promising career. He saved some money, maybe, and one of Sarah's aunt's died and left her a few thousand dollars, and Ray went into business for himself. He went into the grain and feed business.

He didn't do so well. He was back at his desk in the Acme Grain and Feed Company office in less than a year. Oh, yes! They took him back, in spite of his setting up as a competitor and trying to take their customers away from them. They treated him pretty well, those Acme people. In ten years he left them four times to try to better himself, and each time there was his old job waiting for him when he needed it. He got to feeling proud of them.

"They're white, those people!" he said. "They know what I'm worth to them and they stick by me!" Then he added tolerantly, "I don't blame some folks in town for being afraid to help me. They've got wives and families. Suppose they wanted to get a loan at the bank or a job at the mill? I don't blame them!"

IT was pretty clear that he figured every effort to make a business of his own was blocked by Letty—not directly, you understand, but through the bank and the mill and her other interests. Nobody knew all the enterprises Letty's father had had money in. And then there were the people who were simply afraid of getting Letty down on them if they did Ray too much of a favor. There's no question but that Letty could have made things very bad for Ray if she'd wanted to put the pressure on openly. But she didn't. Not openly.

She and Ray spoke politely to each other when they passed on the street. A new minister—before he understood the town—once put Letty and Sarah on the same church committee. There wasn't a bit of friction. In fact, Sarah spoke up sharply in defense of Letty once, when somebody said an unkind thing about her. And Ray never said a word against Letty.

It was sort of tragic, though, to see Ray going on and on, working as bookkeeper for the Acme Company and never getting anywhere. He never even owned his own home, and he was a good-looking boy and he got to be a handsome man, and when his hair began to gray he looked distinguished. He didn't look like some one who'd spent his life as a bookkeeper. He held his head high and his shoulders back, and he had a dry sort of humor, and he didn't often let his bitterness show.

There was one time, though, when they were organizing a Community Fund drive and there was a big dinner at the Clayton House to get it started. By some blunder, Ray and Letty were seated side by side. The committee on arrangements almost dropped dead when they saw it. If Letty took it as as insult and dropped out of the drive, it would be a handicap and a bad one.

Everybody knows that Ray and Letty were engaged in 1913, and that two weeks before the date set Ray eloped with Sarah Baker.

She'd never married—never even looked at another man as far as anybody knew—and the whole town knew about the quietly bitter feud that had been going on all these years.

But Ray and Letty chatted together like people who've known each other all their lives and never had a moment's disagreement. You'd never have dreamed there was anything wrong. But after the banquet Ray quietly withdrew from the Community Fund campaign. "For the good of the cause," he said, and grinned wryly. "I'd have liked to help, but this is the way I can help most—dammit."

That was the way it went all along. For thirty years. Ray and Letty speaking to each other politely, and Sarah keeping her lips pressed tightly together and never saying a word against Letty even to her most intimate friend. There never was what you would call any really high spot in the feud unless it was right at the very end. Then, one morning as Ray walked downtown to the office of the Acme Grain and Feed Company, he met Letty. Tom Bowles was walking with him, and she had driven downtown in the old electric brougham she'd resurrected out of the coach house when the gasoline shortage developed. Ray was walking with his head up and his shoulders back, his silvery hair glinting in the morning sunshine. He looked like somebody imposing and important.

Letty stepped out of the antiquated electric automobile. She was in her fifties then, and she looked thin and frail. A lot of people claimed afterward they'd known she was ill, but nobody had mentioned it up to then. She nodded and smiled.

"Good morning, Ray."

He lifted his hat with a sort of defiant politeness.

"Good morning, Letty. How are you?"

He went on. Letty went into the store she'd come to shop in. Ray walked on maybe fifteen steps. Then he said bitterly to Tom:

"That's been my career—lifting my hat to Letty! It's what I've spent my life at! But I think I've done it pretty well!"

He didn't say another word the rest of the way to his office.

And three nights later Letty died quietly in her sleep. Half the town felt like congratulating Ray, because now he would have his chance. The other half rallied to Letty's defense, simply because she was dead. Ray and Sarah went to Letty's funeral, and Sarah cried. It wasn't weeping with relief, either. She nearly snapped somebody's head off when they suggested that. She really cried.

And then, when Letty's will was read, the town was practically dazed. Letty left most of her money to charity—to build a new hospital, and so on. But she left to Ray an income for life Enough for him to live on comfortably "Because of my deep affection for him which has lasted through many years," said the will. And Sarah—

That was the big surprise. Letty left Sarah the Acme Grain and Feed Company. She'd owned it lock, stock, and barrel all along.

You see, maybe it is a love story that covers thirty years, or maybe it is something else entirely. But you'll have to figure it out for yourself.

THE END

Pre-Ranger Training program for Boy Scouts equips them with skills of value in military service.

The BOY SCOUTS GET TOUGH

BY KEITH MONROE

THE Boy Scouts are different now. They're tougher.

For months the Scout organization has been busy with a new program which calls for more rugged activities than prewar boys ever dreamed of.

More than a million Scouts are scaling walls, climbing ropes, exercising fiercely with the help of what they call a "60-cent gymnasium."

They're practicing rifle marksmanship, scrambling over obstacle courses, going on long-distance hikes. They sleep on the ground in their blanket rolls, or in the snow under lean-tos.

They're practicing the jungle art of silent swimming; splashing through abandon-ship and fire-swimming drills; learning to support a buddy in the water for long periods.

Pre-Ranger Training is the name of this new Scout program, launched in April last year. "Lick 'Em and Live!" is its rallying cry. The training is optional, and no troop need enter if the Scoutmaster or parents frown on it. "But the parents are our biggest boosters," says Fred C. Mills, head of the National Health and Safety Service of the Scout organization for the last fourteen years.

They realize that their sons will automatically go into the armed forces if the war continues. They hate the thought, but they accept it. And they know that boys will stand up better in training, win promotions faster, and have a far bigger chance of surviving actual combat if they've had Boy Scout training—particularly this Pre-Ranger Training."

Even before Pearl Harbor the national leaders of the Boy Scouts of America began studying the training problems of the Army and Navy. What would be expected of the rookies who might soon be funneling into training camps? Could Scouting, without becoming a military or even a semimilitary movement, help prepare American youngsters to face Axis fanatics who had been steeling themselves for battle since kindergarten days?

Scouting decided it could. Lustier physical conditioning was part of the answer. "The Army's thirteen weeks' basic training is too short to toughen up a man if he's soft," warned Bob Kiphuth, famed Yale swimming coach and a lifelong Scout enthusiast. "But it's long enough to make him miserable, because it's pretty strenuous. The tougher a boy gets before he goes into service, the better his chances will be."

So in 1940 Scout leaders quietly began laying more stress on merit badges in athletics, hiking, swimming, lifesaving, and physical development. Rope climbing was introduced. Obstacle courses were set up at summer camps.

At the same time, the Emergency Service Corps was organized all over the country for Scouts of fifteen or older. The boys plunged into specialized training in messenger work, first aid, and signaling—advancing well beyond the standard Scout requirements in these subjects.

After Pearl Harbor the national Scout officials began working even more closely with the Army and Navy. For example, the Navy discovered that exhausted men were drowning within a few feet of safety because they lacked strength in hands and arms to hang on to, or climb, ropes thrown to them. So Scout troops promptly began new activities to correct this weakness in boyhood. The "60-cent gymnasium"—a pair of round sticks and a small wooden block—made its appearance at Scout meetings. Scouts began a series of exercises: squeezing the block between the two sticks, pushing or twisting a stick against tension, trying to bend it, trying to wrest it from one another's hands. These and other manipulations give an iron grip to every boy who practices them.

The Army learned that soldiers were dying in New Guinea and the Solomons because they couldn't camp quietly and invisibly. So Scouts now have harrowing tests in "camp concealment." As one test in the Pre-Ranger program, a Scout must pack a tent and other equipment to a designated spot, and set up a camp which will be invisible to the Scoutmaster. Then at a sudden signal the boy must break camp at top speed and get away, leaving no trace —not even footprints.

Keen observation is another trait in which many soldiers have been found tragically wanting. The new Scout program requires boys to hike through the woods over a quarter-mile course and spot at least eight out of ten "objects not common to the surroundings" previously planted by the Scoutmaster. A dummy in a treetop, a matchstick on the ground, a scrap of paper in the bushes—they're all noticed at a glance by Scouts who've had a few days of this training.

Stalking has been a part of the program since Sir Robert Baden-Powell first launched Scouting as a guerrilla-training program during the Boer War. The stalking merit badge has always required a Scout to creep close enough to birds and forest animals to take snapshots of them. But now a Scout is asked to steal fifty yards through the underbrush at night in a more or less straight line, passing within twenty feet of three listeners stationed at intervals. He is asked to demonstrate his ability to crouch absolutely motionless for five minutes; to walk backward forty feet on a six-inch log; to slither fifty yards under a series of sticks loosely balanced on supports twelve inches high.

A Scout also learns to move backward at double time through rough terrain; to identify various sounds in the darkness; to build smokeless fires and extinguish them without trace; to make water of questionable purity safe for drinking.

TO climax all this practice, he sets out alone on an eighteen-hour trip through unfamiliar territory. With the help of a map and compass, he hikes to a designated spot, dumps all his equipment there, and returns to the starting point without map or compass—making a sketch map as he goes. After nightfall he must find his way back to his equipment with no help except the stars. He sleeps on the ground, then follows sealed orders which give compass directions to a second location where food for his breakfast is hidden. After cooking a meal, he must return to the starting point without using the route he followed the day before.

First aid, perennial stand-by of the Scout program, has also been drastically revamped since Pearl Harbor. It is no longer enough just to know how to apply splints, dressings, and bandages. A boy now learns to apply them in the dark—and to apply them to himself as well as to others. Fashioning a sling for one's own broken arm is no simple trick, but a Scout can do it. Self-treatments for "immersion foot" on a life raft, for hemorrhage while immersed in cold water, for gunshot wounds and gas poisoning, are other wartime innovations.

Scouting and the U. S. Navy have been sharing each other's inventions in water work for years. The technique of inflating a pair of pants as a ready-made life preserver, now widely taught in the Navy, was originated by two Texas Scout executives in 1933. Several new combat-swimming strokes were taught to Mills and his staff in the Annapolis swimming pool and at the Navy's closely guarded experimental station on Catalina Island. As a result, the Boy Scout organization began teaching strenuous new swimming techniques.

Instead of the racing dive and the crawl stroke, dear to the hearts of a generation of Scouts, the boys now learn to slip into the water silently and swim past listeners without being heard. At least one Scout alumnus has already saved his life with this skill. He raided Tokyo with Doolittle, and his plane crashed. At one point he swam unheard past a Jap sentry only five feet away.

Both the Boy Scouts and the Sea Scouts (one of the optional older-boy divisions of the organization) are taking stiff training in rescue work, long-distance swimming, and methods of avoiding gunfire in the water. They're also being trained in the use of a simple new lifesaver devised by Mills, called an "air bucket buoy." This is a canvas bucket small enough to be rolled up and stowed in a pants pocket, yet large enough to support a man for hours when filled with air. If any combatant swimmer has to abandon his life belt in order to swim under flaming oil or duck enemy strafers, this collapsible bucket may be his salvation.

Thousands of our fighting men may owe their lives one day to this vitalized, rough-tough Boy Scout program. Here's what the Scouts mean by "Lick 'em and live"

Up-to-the-minute Navy techniques in abandoning ship and swimming through flames get a thorough workout by Scouts. The boys learn to hit the water in the new Navy style—legs straight, feet crossed, arms clamping the life jacket against the chest. And they practice the latest and safest way to get through flames—swimming into the wind while splashing hard before them.

Pre-Ranger pursuits might prove too strenuous for some members of a Scout troop. Accordingly, before a boy tackles the program he is put through a simple but very exact new test of physical fitness, developed by the Harvard Fatigue Laboratory. In this Step Test, as it is called, he stands in front of a twenty-inch platform, places one foot on it, then steps up on it and down again. He repeats this, at the rate of thirty times a minute, for four minutes, unless he gives up earlier. Then the Scoutmaster lets him rest a minute, counts his heartbeats for thirty seconds, lets him rest again, and takes two more half-minute counts of his heartbeat during the next two and a half minutes. The total of these three counts is multiplied by 2, then divided into 24,000. The result gives the boy's physical fitness score. The higher the score, the fitter the boy. Anything over 70 is good.

As Scouts advance in the Pre-Ranger work, they want rechecks on their Step Test, because it gives a precise measure of their improvement during training. One Scout in California has already scored 120. (The average score for trained-to-the-minute soldiers is around 90.)

IN another year or two the Boy Scouts of America will be better trained than the Hitler Youth—in every way. Instead of driving boys through training, the Scout program pulls them along by the sheer fun and adventure of its activities. And the old-time Scout ideals of fair play, friendliness, and the daily good turn have not been laid away for the duration. The Scout Oath and Law are still going strong.

"It is significant that nearly 70 per cent of the graduates of West Point in recent years were former Boy Scouts," says Major General Eugene Reybold. . . . "We grab all former Boy Scouts we can," writes Britain's great Commando trainer, Major J. S. P. Armstrong. "Former Scouts have been my best leaders in combat," wrote Colonel Robert L. Scott, group commander of the Flying Tigers and an Eagle Scout.

It's because they too are aware of these things that volunteer Scoutmasters all over the country are helping American boys toughen up for whatever lies ahead. If these boys go into battle, thousands of them will owe their lives to Scouting.

THE END

Obstacle courses are one part of the plan designed to toughen young bodies.

"Dear Ma: We skeet-shoot, take sun baths, wrestle, see old pictures . . ."

We are now within range of enemy patrol planes and the sky has more interest.

DAYBREAK FOR

BY LT. MAX

D-Day arrives on our carrier. Planes thunder into the predawn sky and the men left behind sweat out the moments waiting for the flyers' return—and you will too

Take-offs after dawn are not the same hazardous operations as night flights.

Our carrier happens to be an easy-duty ship; it's cribbage on tour.

It was night—the night before a raid—on board the carrier in the Pacific that Lieutenant Miller pictured in Liberty last week. His readers overheard the flyers talking of anything but flying, even though that was so heavily on their minds; heard the brief growled remarks of the tense young gunners on the flight deck; later, watched that "supreme artist," the landing signal officer, make his split-second decisions as to whether to give incoming pilots the "cut" or the "wave-off," and learned what the flyers report when their squadron returns aboard from the dawn's first attack.

PART THREE

WHILE our carrier speeds ever westward, it would be odd to know what the sailors are writing home in answer to that most common of questions asked of them: "Just what do you do aboard ship for amusement?"

The sailors might hesitate before coming right out and saying: "Dear Ma: We skeet-shoot. Yours truly—"

Yet one of the gunnery training officers aboard has a skeet-shooting outfit with clay pigeons and the rest of it. As often as feasible he sets up the outfit on the edge of the flight deck. The pigeons are sailed out over the ocean, scores are kept, and the whole scene could be just about anywhere else.

Shotguns are so few that one usually serves for the whole works. Teams are chosen new almost each time. The gunnery training officer stands by to coach, and it is all as much for training in firearms as for fun.

Another answer the sailors could give would be: "Dear Ma: We take sun baths. Yours truly—"

Yet a carrier is so constructed that a man can live weeks without ever being directly under the sky, unless he makes a deliberate point of getting under it. If his duties don't call for him to go topside on the flight deck, he can live his whole time aboard without ever really knowing what sort of weather is outside.

So, as an indication of whether or not a sailor has been at sea, "that good old sun tan" means exactly nothing. He may have been at sea on a carrier constantly for a year and still be paler than a rookie in a boot camp. Very few sailors, though, want to step ashore on liberty next time looking as if they were in the third stage of tuberculosis.

This may be one of the reasons why the forward flight deck can look at times like an unfortunate battlefield, one on which the sprawled participants have been not only knocked out but also looted of their clothing.

"Dear Ma: We attend motion-picture shows. Yours truly—"

On those rare nights at sea when the hangar deck isn't stuffed with planes, the screen has been lowered there, all possible light outlets to the ocean have been sealed, and the men and officers off watch are invited to look at a picture, provided they are not interrupted by a G. Q.

We have heard rumors that vessels as well as shore stations often get to see pictures before they are released to the public theaters. Aboard this carrier, though, we are not in a position to verify them.

The pictures shown aboard this carrier seem to have been sent to us with the thought in mind that if our carrier

A scout plane reports back to the ship. Everyone wonders: "Has he seen the Jap?"

Ready to unfold its wings for flight, a plane is pulled off an elevator.

OUR CARRIER

MILLER, U.S.N.R.

is lost the films which go down with her will not contribute to the loss a great deal.

But while looking at such plots as concern Gay Youth gladly going to hell in the Coolidge era, we can still keep reminding ourselves that Caesar's legions didn't have any motion pictures whatsoever while far from home invading Gaul. So we are lucky, indeed we are, that modern war has been made so comfortable.

"Dear Ma: We wrestle—"

A wrestling match aboard this carrier is something which starts when an Airedale happens to have his back turned. These youngsters may have been pushing planes around all day on that hot flight deck, but let there come a moment's lull, or let them be grouped waiting for the next orders, and one of them is sure to feel a sharp belly twister from behind. This starts it. But where it ends is up to the Almighty.

So far as can be detected, these wrestling matches consist of as many as possible on one side and one on the other. When he is down, the contestants suddenly wheel on the guy who may be sitting on top.

Yet at the sudden sound of a signal the wrestlers disentangle. How they manage to do so is their own secret. But anyhow they become Airedales again and scamper off to their posts.

"Dear Ma: We paint words on bombs, and some of them are not nice words—"

Yet this phase of entertainment aboard is all part of something else, perhaps, and as such should come later.

WE are now within range of enemy patrol planes, and so the sky has become of more interest to us.

We want the weather to give us a "front," meaning we would prefer a thin layer of clouds over us as well as a bank of clouds ahead of us. But the aerological officer is not allowing himself to become sidetracked from science merely to make optimists out of us.

The instructions to our own scout planes today included this phrase: ". . . if you see Jap patrol boat, go out of your sector and destroy the bastard."

As much as we would like to slip within bombing range of our target without the enemy knowing of our coming, our chances of doing so would not receive much support aboard if put to a wager.

These are the hours when the old carrier veterans among us are being heeded in every little conversational suggestion they make.

They remember the days when carriers were being bumped off with a gruesome regularity, and when carrier fighting was still in its infancy. Though our equipment and tactics have undergone a world of changes since then, nevertheless these officers have a lot to teach from past experience. Their sweaty palms and their many cigarettes are evidence not of black memory but of memories combined with present responsibilities.

The big bombs are receiving final preparations down below in the magazines. When the planes are ready on the flight deck to receive them, the bombs will be hoisted on the ammunition elevators to be secured in the bomb racks.

The bombs include daisy-cutters, and 2,000-pounders, and 1,000-pounders, and 500-pounders. When all is ready for them they will be wheeled over the decks on hand-pulled carts by lads who just a few years ago were pulling coaster-wagons on the hillsides back home.

The words they are chalking on the bombs are evidence of where at least portions of their minds remain even at the present moment.

"Just sending some scrap from Los Angeles."

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

"From Brooklyn to Tojo with the compliments of Ernelio's crew."

"Bet you get a big bang out of this. 'The Boys from Butte.'"

"Here I come big and loud from Texas."

"From Brooklyn to Tojo with the compliments of Ernelio's crew."

So it goes with the crews down below in the magazines. The kids down there below have worked hard with these bombs. But it will be others who get to watch the explosions.

THE flyers in one of the readyrooms tonight were given an informal talk on how to exist on an atoll. None of the talk could be called encouraging. The flyers didn't think so either, and neither did the speaker. So the meeting wound up in a free-for-all gabfest about the contents of their little jungle kits and how these kits might be useful after the war to take camping.

The one hope after being forced down during the attack is to be picked up

(*Continued on page 52*)

GUMSHOE GENIUS

BY MICHAEL SHERIDAN

Top-flight movie directors fight for an A-1 property man the way women fight for a good cook. The story of a spit-and-string man

SELF-ADMITTED Jacks-of-all-trades and masters of none, property men are the unsung, underpaid, and unpublicized heroes of the picture business. They live, sleep, and eat props. Any $1,000,000 production can have as many as 2,000 props in its initial shooting script, and the property man is guardian of them all, as well as of the 600 more that crop up in the course of production.

Almost a quarter of a century at the game has taught George Elder to keep a diary of an average day's doings. For a single day's shooting on his latest picture, Gaslight, for example, he has to have his finger on a wedding ring, two bottles of port, a pair of tortoise-shell glasses, an umbrella, a Georgian tea set, a pipe and tobacco, a pair of yellow gloves, a pot of boiling water, a book of poems, a wallet, a traffic ticket properly made out, a ham sandwich, a fountain pen and a checkbook drawn on Barclay's Bank, a half-eaten box of chocolates, two decks of cards and a tray of poker chips.

Between handing these out at the proper time, George had to keep lamps dusted, floors polished and waxed, meals cooking, cigarettes lit, squeaks out of noisy doors, dust off of furniture, watches and clocks wound, and flies and other insects out of range.

Elder has thrown himself on a ballroom floor, calmly removed the shoes of a star, and tickled her feet, out of range of the camera, so that she would laugh explosively for a scene. He did that to the late Jean Harlow in her first picture, Red-Headed Woman, in 1932.

For the sake of Viva Villa and the necessity of showing Pancho Wally Beery being given a bath in the wilds of Mexico, he was forced to bargain with a band of armed and unruly peons who would just as soon have shot him as given him the one tin tub they owned.

"On that occasion," says George wryly, "I lost my shirt and almost my life. But since then I've lived a more normal existence and one that entailed nothing more exciting than performing first aid, cooking meals, repairing clothes, playing laundryman, chauffeur, nursemaid, porter, animal trainer, mechanic, and pants presser." On the side Elder, like all veteran property men, is adept at such cursory chores as removing foreign particles from the eye of a star, producing a mild sedative for frayed nerves, stamps for letter writers on the set, and cookies for those who so desire them. He also brews a mean cup of tea when needed, which talent fitted right royally into the British background of Gaslight.

Once Elder tickled the feet of a star to make her laugh loudly for a scene.

The harder the task, the more the property man seems to relish getting his teeth into it. Once, for instance, in 1924, George Elder was on location with a Howard Hawks unit that was shooting exteriors. They were in the High Sierras, miles from civilization, when the director suddenly called for a pair of binoculars. He explained that Edmund Lowe, the star, had to be shown scouring the countryside for signs of life. George came through all right. From a couple of luncheon kits he took two miniature milk bottles—the half-pint elongated type. He cut a leather wallet into strips, tied the whole thing together, painted the ends of the bottles black, and no one could have told the difference.

It was with King Vidor's Wild Oranges, in Florida, that Elder's ingenuity came well into play. The situation called for the services of a couple of alligators. George, who admits to a dislike of all kinds of animals in pictures, found the alligators especially unco-operative. He quickly replaced them with two logs of wood, saw to it that as the logs were towed through the water only the roughest parts of their barks showed, and the results fooled even the director.

Once given the script of a new picture, George in his own way is every bit as important as the producer, director, or star. First he reads the script to get the hang of the story. A second reading shows him how many times the same set is used. Then he settles down at his typewriter and starts the breakdown—a list of sets, a list of mentioned props, and then his own notes, which are usually without end.

Next step for George is to visit the Legal Department and get clearance on newspaper titles, fictitious names, letterheads, names of towns, stores, and automobiles. From there he goes to the Research Department, where he spends anywhere from an hour to a whole week of the one month given him to prepare the picture. From then on he reads the script perhaps ten times more to ascertain just what is finally needed, and after that his own imagination comes into play. He is able to anticipate 70 per cent of unexpected requirements by reading ahead on scheduled scenes.

For instance, in Gaslight, Charles Boyer is smoking in one scene. George had to provide—and this was not indicated in the script—pipe, humidor, tobacco, matches, pipe rack, ash tray. Then, in case the action should call for Monsieur Boyer, playing his first dyed-in-the-wool villain role, to upset some ashes on the rug, he added another item—a pinch of cold ashes.

Propping a picture, with all the endless extraneous duties that go with it, keeps George on his feet every minute of every shooting hour. The recent use of a pedometer acquainted him with the interesting fact that he walks one thousand miles in the course of handling an important production, slightly less when handling a lower-budgeted picture.

Standing at a busy intersection,

Elder's trusty oil can fixed Ingrid Bergman's squeaky bed in Gaslight.

George Elder could do a nice business selling the wares that he invariably carries about his person. The 250-odd items include cigars, cigarettes, matches, first-aid kit, needles and threads, balls of string, piano wire, furniture polish, oiling cans, tools, glass polish, forceps, several kinds of cleaners, stamps, stationery, ink, buttons, flashlights, safety pins, candles, mucilage, doorbells, phone bells, buzzers, fly sprays and fly swatters, chewing gum—and so on.

All these things come in pretty handy, especially when a director is a stickler for hypoing drawing-room dialogue. Long stretches of conversation see the calls come in fast and furiously to the property man: a gold pencil to punctuate arguments, a handkerchief for a feminine star to twist in her hands, a

What'll you have, gents? The prop man's got it. M-G-M's George Elder offers Wallace Beery his choice of weapons for Gold Town.

handful of small change to jingle—or a toy gun to pop off balloons (viz., William Powell in The Thin Man). In fact, anything that will make the scene appear less monotonous, more realistic. The property man has them all.

George Elder, like most property men, has one burning ambition, and that is to be a good property man. Unlike the extra who wants to be a star, the writer who wants to be a director, and the director who wants to be a producer, property men on the whole seek no greater laurels. Monotony playing no part in their strange métier, they are content with the simple rewards it brings them—a fair salary, ample occasion for overtime, and, at the end of a job well done, a set of fine books from a grateful director, a couple of bottles of good cheer from some one else, a War Bond from a loyal star.

"A prop man for Cecil B. De Mille, extolling the virtues of his craft, sold me on the idea of becoming one myself," says Elder. "That was over twenty years ago, in the old Famous-Players-Lasky days, and I have been that ever since. Now I wouldn't change for anything."

Today he looks back on the good old world of silent pictures with a faint nostalgia. In those days, he used to help with the make-up, the dressing, and even the feeding of the stars. "I was never without something to do," he says.

Sound came as something of a shock to the property men. Overnight propping became a ghostlike affair, and 300-pound artisans of the department found themselves treading the stages like ballet dancers taking their first steps. New and petty duties cropped up—such as having to dampen newspapers and documents to take out the crinkling noises that sounded like blizzards in the monitor booths.

From that time on, the property man was a sleuth for objectionable sounds. He was always to be seen with an oil can in his hands, ferreting out squeaks in doorways, wooden floors, furniture, and actors' shoes. Many a leather heel had to be quickly changed for a rubber one, or the shoes padded with felt. Sometimes it was the other way round. A canary that wouldn't sing and couldn't be replaced in time would receive fair vocal support from the property man secreted somewhere behind the cage.

SEEMINGLY the property man is in a dozen places at the same time, but never in the way. Into the score of difficult situations that occur once a picture is before the cameras he emerges out of thin air, always so quietly and unobtrusively that he has come to be known as a gumshoe genius. In Gaslight, when Ingrid Bergman threw herself on a bed and sobbed her heart out, her anguish was echoed in the agonized creaking of the old four-poster. But George, uninvited, unheard, and almost unseen, was already on his belly, out of range of the camera, busy with an oil can, and, thanks to his vigilance, the squeaks died down even before the star's play-acting paroxysms had passed.

Property men like George Elder make around $100 a week. As to qualifications for the job, a good property man has to be always on the alert, something of an organizer, and gifted with a good sense of observation. It is also much to his advantage to have an elementary knowledge of electricity, physics, chemistry, and mechanics. But most of all he has to have an excellent memory.

Elder is quick to explode the popular fallacy that most property men are infallible. He still remembers the time he upset Cecil B. De Mille for a whole day by supplying him with Southern corn bread instead of spoon bread for the picture Dynamite, in 1929. And he recalls with fetching candor that on another picture he read a scene too quickly, and when the time came for Shirley Temple to say, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it!" he was standing close at hand with the necessary smoking equipment.

Any gloom that such a faux pas might have caused in Elder at the time has long since been dissipated by the behavior of a few of his fellow prop men—such as the one who brought the director a lorgnette instead of a lariat, another who read the line "She sweeps across the floor" and produced a handsome broom with his customary speed and efficiency, and the classical example of director Norman Taurog requesting the ingredients for making a batter and being handed an old churn. "I thought you said butter," explained the prop man disconsolately.

THE END

GEORGE MASQUERADES ON MANEUVERS

Liberty's favorite Army private goes all out on strategy, stumps the experts by doubling for death, and wins a left-handed recommendation for Officers' Candidate School

BY LT. STANLEY DISNEY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

"WAR is not hell!" George says. And he flips his cigarette away. "War is raising hell."

It is this way. We are all taking our basic training in field artillery at Fort Bragg, and we know all about war and the Army on account of we have been in the Army six weeks already. And from talking about hell, we get to talking about Officers' Candidate School, which is supposed to be a good substitute. But George, he has to pop off about how he does not want to go to O. C. S.

"No," George says, "I have absolutely no desire to be a spit-and-polish shavetail. No more free show tickets. No more parties with people trying to entertain you. Nope. Absolutely none of that commission stuff for me."

Swivel-neck Mullens gives a Bronx cheer.

"Double nertz," he says. "You got as much chance o' goin' to O. C. S. as you got o' flyin'. I bet you didn't make a hundert an' ten on the I. Q. test, like you gotta to be eligible. And even if you make high enough score, Captain Pullen won't give you a recommend."

"What do you mean?" George yelps. "I bet my I. Q. is higher than yours. And as for Captain Pullen recommending me, that's in the bag, chum."

Well, they yammer back and forth, and before we turn in, George ups and bets ten bucks he makes a better grade than Swivel-neck; and twenty bucks that Captain Pullen gives him a recommend.

I forget about these bets till a week later, when a bunch of us are told to polish up and report to the C. O. after evening chow. Captain Pullen looks us over close, like he is sizing us up. He explains we all make grades high enough on the Army Placement Test we take right after we are drafted, to be eligible for O. C. S.

"But," he says, "that doesn't mean all of you are going. Some of you I will recommend, and some I won't. But there is a special board of officers that makes the final selection. And since it often disregards my recommendation, I want all of you to file applications. I'll tell you now what I think my recommendation will be. But it isn't final. All of you still have a chance on the maneuvers next week to convince me you are of officer caliber."

He goes down the line, asking each man how much schooling and mathematics he has. The captain tells me my grade, which is not so hot. He is doubtful whether he will recommend me. And he is doubtful about Swivel-neck, who gets a grade of one seventeen.

When George hears Swivel-neck's grade, he grins and gives me the wink.

"Private McKeller," Captain Pullen says, "your record does not show that you have had much formal schooling."

"My father didn't want me to go to the public schools, sir," George replies. And he has that cocky grin on his face. "He had me educated privately."

Now I am sure George just makes this up to sound big.

"Well," Captain Pullen says dryly, "your instructors did not do a very good job. You made just one ten on the test; the lowest eligible grade. I am sure I shall not recommend you."

George keeps an anyway-who-cares smile plastered on his face. But he is low. So low, that when we get outside, he pays Swivel-neck without a squawk for having a higher grade. It is not till Swivel-neck tries to collect the other bet about Captain Pullen's recommendation that George fires up.

"Nothing doing!" George says hotly. "Captain Pullen says we still got a chance getting his recommendation by making a good showing on the maneuvers. I'm not paying off till the last bell rings."

"You really think you got a chance?" I ask George later.

"Bub," he says to me, "I don't care to go to O. C. S. That requires bookwork, and I hate books. But twenty bucks is twenty bucks, and I'm going to get that recommendation or break my neck trying."

The sarge looks like an undernourished sand crane.

THESE maneuvers are just for our battery. They are supposed to test how much we have learned already about booby traps, camouflage, scouting, and all that. And especially they are to test the cadre noncoms, who are put in charge, with the officers acting as referees.

We are split into two outfits, the O. D.s and the Fatigues, according to the clothes we wear. The O. D.s have three old seventy-fives, and operate as tank destroyers under Sergeant Yost. George and I are in the Fatigues. We got four jeeps, each representing a twenty-eight-ton tank. And also we got Sergeant Grawk who, George says, is worth anyway a platoon to the other side.

At the starting place Sergeant Grawk hands out a bunch of bean bags filled with chalk or flour.

"Heah!" he says. "These air grenades. Yuh fellas air tuh green tuh handle th' killin' kind. Doan' waste no time pointin' yo' gun an' yellin' 'Bang!' Them O. D.s won't fall 'cause of a 'bang,' less'n yuh can outswear 'em or there's an officeah around tuh see yuh 'bang' first. Smack 'em with a bag and yell fo' an officeah tuh see th' mark 'fore they brush it off. Tha's th' best way tuh kill 'em."

He explains how we are on one side of Chase's Run and the O. D.s are on the other, and how he is going to send out scouts to see if the crossings are guarded.

"Let me go," George speaks up brightly. "Harry and I can scout Four-mile Crossing and be back here in a flash."

I do not think I hear right. George is not such a guy as you will expect to offer to hike four miles and wade a muddy creek just for the fun of it.

"O. K.," the sarge agrees, "but be careful."

"This is my chance, bub," George explains, as we tangle-foot through the underbrush. "If I show the sarge I'm a ball of fire, he'll put in a word for me with the captain. And I got to win that bet."

Well, I just grunt, which is all I have wind for. We reach the creek, wade it, climb a hill, and flop.

George pulls out a couple of the grenades he is carrying and uses them to pillow his head. I do the same. I guess maybe I doze, for I am surprised when I hear voices. Close. George and I peek through the bushes.

Swivel-neck Mullens and three other O. D.s are headed our way. I point my gun at them. If I have live ammunition, I can knock them off like shooting-gallery ducks.

"Let's mow 'em down," I whisper.

"Nix!" George whispers back. "They are four to two and will swear they shoot us first. Lie back like you were, and if they see you, don't move till they touch you. Then do what I do."

Now I do not understand all this. But I see quick enough they got the mouth power to outlie us. So I flop back.

Suddenly there is a big bellow and a laugh I do not like.

"Hey, fellows!" Swivel-neck roars. "Look!"

They come running. It is the hardest thing I ever do, but I do not move. And neither does George. This sort of surprises Swivel-neck.

"Rise and shine," he says.

And he pokes me. I jump up. Mad. But before I can do anything, George jumps up too.

"Boom!" he bellows. "Boom! Boom! You are all dead."

I don't get it, but I put in a couple of "booms" too.

"What do you mean, we are dead?" Swivel-neck asks.

"Sure you are dead." George argues fast. "We are booby traps. See? And you move us without investigating. So we explode. So you are dead. See?"

"Yeh?" Swivel-neck says. And his voice is mean. "So we are dead. And so are you, for you blew up too. And if you are dead, we are just naturally going to bury you. Unless you want to be prisoners."

Swivel-neck spits and puts down his gun. His men start spreading so they can surround us.

Usually I do not like a fight, but this is different. I am a big man, and I figure I can handle three of them, if George can just hang on to the guy who is sure to get him down. But there is

(Continued on page 54)

"Save your ammunition," George says. "Can't you see we're dead?" he says.

"This is the day I always dreamed about—spudding in my own well," Eb said, as he helped Missy out of the buggy.

PROFESSOR PYRO

BY EDWIN LANHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK ANDERSON

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

EB PETERS' introduction to Othello, Oklahoma, in 1910, was in a poker game, when he asked J. G. Watson to lend him three hundred dollars on a full house. The banker did, and Eb won. That night, as Professor Pyro, Eb gave a fake fireworks display of "Mount Etna in Eruption" and escaped the fury of the paying customers only with the help of Mistletoe Watson, the banker's daughter, who took him to their farm.

When, the next morning, Eb said he was going back to Othello and would return their money to all stub holders of the Mount Etna fiasco, Missy thought it was his conscience at work. The truth was that Eb had discovered an oil structure and wanted J. G. to finance the drilling of a well. J. G. said he would think it over

Missy's father is a timid partner when money is needed, and the notoriety of an old friend who gives Eb a stake does not help his reputation in Othello, where a gambler is not above suspicion

Returning to town after negotiating an oil-and-gas lease, Eb met friendly Anastasia Anapopolis, daughter of "Pops," proprietor of the Athens Café.

Albert Neville, bank cashier and admirer of Missy, disapproved of the Watsons having anything to do with "that fraud," and was shocked to learn that Missy had hidden Eb out at the farm the previous night.

PART THREE

"SO that professor fellow *was* out at the farm," Albert said.

J. G. got to his feet. "What if he was, Albert?"

"Well, Lord, J. G., what are people going to say to that?"

J. G. said crisply, "I see no reason why any one should hear about it, and if they do, I can't see that any harm is done. You'd better run along home."

Missy laughed and said, "Albert, it just happened that way. Old Nicey is a busybody. You know that."

"Yes, sure. But, still . . ."

"Good night, Albert," J. G. said.

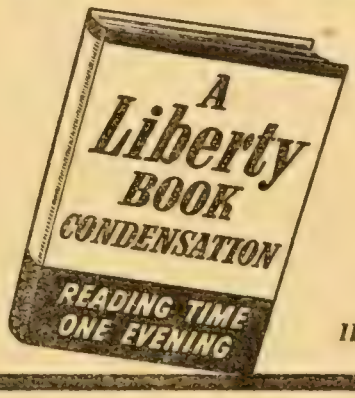
Albert walked to the door and turned

(*Continued on page 60*)

Der Fuehrer

BY KONRAD HEIDEN

This is one of the strange stories of history—the story of a man who was dredged up from the dregs of society to help German officers continue to fight a war they had lost—who became the leader of every sinister force in a beaten country and then led those forces on the road to power and war.



It is the story of Adolf Hitler and his rise—written by a man who probably knows more about him and National Socialism than any other living person. It is a Book of the Month Club selection and a current bestseller.

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM ATWELL

THE scene is Munich; the time, 1919. The First World War is over, the army is disbanded, the Kaiser has fled, and a weak democracy is struggling for its life amid the chaos that followed defeat. Under the leadership of Captain Ernst Röhm, hungry and desperate officers of the broken German Army are fighting for control of the city with the workers who had seized power when the Republic was declared. Their method, assassination and terror; their spy and finger-man, a vagrant from the slums of Vienna. His name was Adolf Hitler.

Röhm had learned the great truth that to seize power from the majority of peace-loving citizens who supported the republican state he must recruit an army from the lowest classes—the uprooted and jobless who drifted through Germany after the war. To do this he must find a leader who could speak the language of the masses and feel at home among the flophouses and soup kitchens of the slums. With unerring genius he picked for the job the human nonentity who had served him so well as informer, a man happy when he could obey and, by his own admission, knowing no higher goal than "to follow his superior blindly and contradict no one." His exterior was without distinguishing marks, his face without radiance; there was nothing unusual in his bearing. The void, it might be said, had disguised itself as a man.

The leadership of the new military party in Munich was given over to this human object. The officers wanted a tool. They sent him through the country on speaking tours, used him in their press bureau to write releases, sent him into political meetings to hear what he could hear. At length, as propagandist orator for the German Workers' Party, he seemed to have found his niche in the world.

For in this unlikely looking creature there dwelt a miracle: his voice. It was something unexpected. Be-

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tween those modest narrow shoulders, the man had lungs. His voice was the very epitome of power, firmness, command, and will. Even when calm, it was a guttural thunder; when agitated, it howled like a siren betokening inexorable danger. It was the roar of inanimate nature, yet accompanied by flexible human overtones of friendliness, rage, or scorn.

The contradiction between the lamentable appearance and the mighty voice characterizes the man. He is a torn personality; long reaches of his soul are insignificant, colored by no noteworthy qualities of intellect or will; but there are corners supercharged with strength. It is this association of inferiority and strength that makes the personality so strange and fascinating.

Adolf Hitler, the man, is portrayed here as most of his contemporaries and many of his own supporters saw him in his beginnings; and the picture is basically true. As a human figure, lamentable; as a political mind, one of the most tremendous phenomena of all world history—this is a contradiction which occurs in every man of genius,

from the stuttering Moses to Bonaparte, the strange, unglamorous artillery captain; but few of those historic figures united so many contradictions, such lack of distinction, and such superhuman strength.

Ancestry and Early Life

Adolf Hitler came from a region on the north shore of the Danube, about fifty miles above Vienna, an impoverished out-of-the-way section. His father, Alois, was the illegitimate son of a poor peasant girl, and throughout his early life bore the name of Schicklgruber. However, many years later, the grandfather of the future dictator acknowledged his paternity and legally changed Alois Schicklgruber's name to Alois Hitler in the baptismal record. Thus, from 1876 on, Adolf Hitler's father bore the name of Hitler; the future chancellor was thus entitled to his name from birth, and was never called Schicklgruber.

In 1885, Alois Hitler married his third wife, and four years later, on April 20, 1889, at half past six in the evening, at the Hotel zum Pommer in Braunau, a son was born who was baptized by the name of Adolfus. This was Alois Hitler's fourth child, the second by his marriage with Klara Pölzl.

Adolfus grew up in a violently, unnaturally divided world. To his mother—this we can feel from his own account—he was deeply devoted. But his father's image runs like a dark shadow through his whole self-portrait. This father had been proud to be an Austrian official and he wanted his son to be an Austrian official, too. But his son wanted to be a painter.

This was the source of the fights between father and son. It was Adolf Hitler's first great struggle, and by his own admission he conducted it with lies and secretiveness, and with a degree of scheming that was almost suicidal. He decided, so he tells us, to punish his father by becoming frivolous and lazy: "What gave me pleasure, I learned; what . . . was otherwise unattractive to me, I sabotaged completely." Perhaps this is true; it is certainly true that his brilliant beginnings in school were soon reversed. In 1900 he entered a secondary school in Linz, and in the very first year made such a poor showing that he was not promoted.

With the death of Alois Hitler in 1903, Adolf, free from the paternal discipline, changed his school; his laziness remained unchanged. In October, 1907, he went to Vienna, supported by his mother and other relatives, to prepare himself for the Academy of Fine Arts. He was rejected. A year later his mother died, and Adolf sank into the bitterest misery. He had no money and wandered around without shelter, sleeping first in cafés and on park benches, and ending in a flophouse in a suburb of Vienna. A light blanket on a hard spring, his own clothes for a pillow, his shoes wedged beneath the legs of the bed lest they be stolen, to left and right of him his companions in misery—thus Adolf Hitler passed the next months. From a charity home he had free soup every day; in the evening his comrades in the lodginghouse gave him a piece of horse sausage or a crust of bread. When the first snow fell, he hobbled out with his sore feet a few times to shovel snow on one of the Danube bridges, but the hard work in the cold soon proved too much for him. Occasionally Hitler stood outside the West Station and carried travelers' suitcases for a few pennies.

Finally his half sister sent him ten dollars and Hitler moved into a "Home for Men," a poor dismal place for tramps and drunkards. He stayed on for three years, making a bare living by drawing picture post cards.

A profound hostility toward work runs through the whole life of this young man. The workers were for him a picture of horror, a dismal gruesome mass, and everything which he later said from the speaker's platform to flatter the manual worker was pure lies. "The workers are an indulgent mass, they know nothing but their belly, booze, and women," he once said. Newspaper reading was his favorite occupation; there he sits in the gloomy reading room of the Home for Men, or in a cheap café, reading newspapers and eating four or five cream puffs one after another. Yet he spent next to no money on alcohol, none at all on tobacco.

He learned to know humanity from the dregs. The melting pot of Vienna at that time teemed with subproletarian Jews, and Hitler, whether he liked them or not, belonged among them. He wore a long coat given him by a Jew, and a stiff greasy black derby; his matted hair hung down over his collar, his fuzzy beard formed a thick ruff around his chin. Neither in Adolf Hitler's physical appearance nor in the history of his family is there any serious suspicion of Jewish strain, and yet among the unkempt Jews of Vienna he looked like an unkempt Jew. Such is the force of environment.

After three wretched years he left Vienna for Munich. He was a total failure; nothing had turned out right. According to the police register, he left in May, 1913. Until then he had scraped along in the Austrian capital by selling his water colors and post cards. In Munich he did not fare much better; he designed posters.

Here, too, he was without friends. And here, too, he avoided contact with women almost fanatically, and had none of the gaiety of youth. But with uncanny certainty he found his way out of his loneliness to the masses; even then when totally unknown. The unknown were closest to him; in taverns he spoke from behind his beer mug and with almost playful ease created his public. It was impossible to go to a Social Democratic meeting with him because he could not restrain himself from shouting interruptions. As soon as the conversation in a small circle turned to politics, he began to scream and give endless lectures. He loved to prophesy and predict political developments. He was an eccentric, screaming in taverns, a hermit among six hundred thousand people, without wife, friend, family, or home.

Hitler's First Love: War

In Munich, on August 1, 1914, a vast crowd overpowered by enthusiasm listened to the reading of the declaration of war. The people sang patriotic songs; at a window

stood a photographer. Ten or twelve years later this photographer ran across one of the pictures taken on this occasion and published it. Among the many hundred heads he discovered a face which, despite the conspicuous ordinariness of its features, seemed illumined by an emotion unusual even in this crowd. It was a haggard, sickly face; the broad bushy mustache gave it an artificially wild look; the protruding hyperthyroid eyes sent forth an exaggerated gleam, as though the face were addressing some one in heaven and saying, Take notice of me, O Lord! The man to whom this face belongs stands apparently alone in the crowd; even in this hour of mass frenzy he seems solitary; the mouth is opened to sing, and we may believe that the words of the song are the first that have crossed his lips that day.

Thus Adolf Hitler experienced the outbreak of the First World War. In war he at last found his home. He volunteered for the Bavarian Army. How he loved it, we shall see from a letter addressed to a near stranger, a tailor from whom he had rented a room in Munich. It is a lively letter, effusive and often passionate; it describes—one might almost say it rejoices in—the terrible slaughter of the List Regiment. Here is a typical paragraph:

"We swarmed out and chased across the fields to a little farm. To left and right the shrapnel was bursting, and in between the English bullets sang. But we paid no attention. For ten minutes we lay there, and then we were again ordered forward. I was way out in front, ahead of our squad. Squad Leader Stoever had been hit! Good God, I had barely time to think, now things are starting. But since we were in the open, we had to dash forward. The captain was at the head. The first of our men began to fall. The English had set up machine guns. We threw ourselves down and crawled slowly forward through a gutter. From time to time a man was hit and couldn't go on, and the whole column was stuck. Then we had to lift the man out of the ditch. We kept on crawling until the ditch stopped, then we were in the open field again. We ran fifteen or twenty yards, then we came to a big pool of water. One after another we splashed into it, took cover, and caught our breath. But it was no place to lie still. So we dashed out quick, and double quick. To the left of us lay several farms. They were still occupied, and we went through a withering fire. One man after another collapsed ahead of us. Our major came up, fearless and calmly smoking, with his adjutant, Lieutenant Piloty. The major took in the situation at a glance and ordered us to assemble to right and left of the highway for an assault.

"By this time there was only one officer left, his adjutant. We were boiling with fury. 'Herr Lieutenant, lead us at them!' we all shouted. So then we went forward and leftward into the wood; on the road we could not advance. Four times we went forward and were forced to retreat; of my whole detachment only one man was left, aside from myself, and finally he too fell. A shot tore off the whole left sleeve of my tunic, but by a miracle I remained untouched. Finally at two o'clock, we advanced a fifth time, and this time we occupied the edge of the forest and the farm."

In October, 1918, Hitler was badly gassed and was blind for several days. He was transported to the rear and finally reached a military hospital. Early in November the German Revolution broke out. Lost in the world, reduced to inactivity, Hitler looked on at the death of the war which had been his fatherland.

The Crafty Demagogue

It was Captain Röhm who started Hitler on the path to power when he bought him a membership in a tiny political club of Munich called the German Workers' Party. "In the year 1919," Hitler said, ten years later, "when I met the handful of men who held their little meetings under the name of German Workers' Party, there was neither a business office nor any employee. There was no paper with letterhead; in fact, even rubber stamps were lacking. The entire property of this seven men's club consisted of a briefcase, in which the incoming and outgoing mail was kept, and a cigar box which served as cashbox. This portable party office in the form of a briefcase traveled under the arms of party comrade Harrer, our 'president,' into every conceivable beer hall and café, in which the party committee—which at that time was the party itself—met. After long negotiations I put through the acquisition of three rubber stamps."

Imagine that thundering voice demanding three rubber stamps! Hitler was just thirty years old. All his life he has loved to describe the tininess of those beginnings. He himself has indirectly admitted that a sure instinct led him among the smallest fellows—because only there could he hope to be greatest.

Hitler delivered hour-long speeches several times a week to fifteen or twenty persons: a few party comrades and the friends they brought along. There he stood amid the cigar smoke in his gray soldier's uniform. He coughed out of his gas-corroded throat, and shouted: the day will come, "when the banner of our movement will fly over the Reichstag, over the castle in Berlin, yes, over every German house."

Among the audience was a twenty-three-year-old student, formerly a war aviator. He saw the twenty men, he saw the gray speaker, and he asked himself—as he later reported: Was this man a fool, or was he the man who would save all Germany? He decided the latter. The thundering voice shook Rudolf Hess and carried him away. He became a party member and soon a close friend of the speaker.

HITLER is the sort of man who in a normal civilized world is totally useless and unsuccessful but who in a disintegrating society conquers and seizes all. The burning heavens are mirrored in a mud puddle. A world revolution has blown these uprooted existences from all directions to a table in a Munich beer hall; from the wreckage of dead classes arises the new class, and at the head march the most ruthless, those with the least to lose, hence the strongest, the armed vagabonds to whom war is home and civil war fatherland.

In the maelstrom of the German counterrevolution, dozens of hitherto nameless figures suddenly rose to the surface, founded and led the so-called defense leagues, and with them conquered cities and provinces. Hitler started out as one of these, but soon distinguished himself from all the others. All of them strove to gain control of the key points of power. But Hitler recognized more clearly than any other that in time of disorganization the true source of power lies in public opinion. Others had friends, a wife, profession; he had only the mass to talk to. Silent in a circle of three, sullen and sluggish in conversation, without interest in his own private life, this miserable human nothing could think only in public terms, feel only the feeling of the mass, and when the nothing spoke with the people, it was as though the voice of the people were speaking.

His revelation of a world conspiracy of Jews achieved its extraordinary effect, not because of the Jews, but because of the world conspiracy. The sentiment that our modern society had arrived at a breaking point, that millions and millions would be crushed in the impending collapse, tormented every man's soul. With unerring sureness Hitler expressed the speechless panic of the masses faced by an invisible enemy, and gave the nameless specter a name. His speeches are daydreams of this mass soul; they are chaotic, full of contradictions; if their words are taken literally, often senseless, as dreams are, and yet charged with deeper meaning. Vulgar vilification, flat jokes alternate with ringing, sometimes exalted, phrases. The speeches begin with deep pessimism and end in overjoyed redemption, a triumphant happy ending; often they can be refuted by reason, but they follow the far mightier logic of the subconscious, which no refutation can touch.

It was at this time that Hitler first met the man who one day should be his second in power. This occurred at a great demonstration. A former captain of the Luftwaffe, at that time a private citizen, was an onlooker. Hitler was leaning silently against a pillar, not far from the former captain. The demonstration was drawing to an end. Voices arose: Let Hitler speak! A man stepped up and asked Hitler if he would like to say a few words. Only then did Göring see who was standing next to him. He had heard a good deal about Hitler. Hitler said in his

firm, thundering voice, "If I spoke, I would destroy the unity of the meeting. I don't want to do that!" That was all.

But the captain went home and said to his wife that he had seen and heard this man for the first time and had carried away an indelible impression; he believed in Hitler. This story was perhaps somewhat exaggerated; but Hermann Wilhelm Göring was neither the first nor the last whom Hitler's astonishing voice had hypnotized with an insignificant remark.

A year later (1922) Göring was leader of the new party army. Hitler might have had better trained and more experienced officers than this aviator. But with a sure instinct he preferred this wild, unrestrained fellow because he was more compatible with Hitler and the whole movement. Moreover, he was a bridge to good society, and politically that was of the greatest importance. Perhaps it was not entirely without bearing that Göring occasionally, in private and *sub rosa*, lent his leader money. This pecuniary aid began with millions, then rose to billions and finally trillions, for the inflation was raging through Germany.

On Friday afternoons in 1923 long lines of manual and white-collar workers waited outside the pay windows of the big German factories, department stores, banks, offices: dead-tired workingmen in grimy shirts open at the neck; gentlemen in shiny blue suits saved from before the war, in mended white collars, too big for their shrunken necks; young girls, some of them with the new bobbed heads; young men in puttees and gray jackets from which the tailor had removed the red seams and insignia, embittered against the girls who had taken their jobs. They all stood in lines outside the pay windows, staring impatiently at the electric wall clock, slowly advancing until at last they reached the window and received a bag full of paper notes. According to the figures inscribed on them, the paper notes amounted to seven hundred thousand or five hundred million, or three hundred and eighty billion, or eighteen trillion marks—the figures rose from month to month, then from week to week, finally from day to day.

WITH their bags the people moved quickly to the doors, all in haste, the younger ones running. They dashed to the nearest food store, where a line had already formed. Again they moved slowly—oh, how slowly—forward. When you reached the store, a pound of sugar might have been obtainable for two millions; but by the time you came to the counter, all you could get for two millions was half a pound, and the saleswoman said the dollar had just gone up again. With the millions or billions you bought sardines, sausages, sugar, perhaps even a little butter, but as a rule the cheaper margarine—always things that would keep for a week, until next payday, until the next stage in the fall of the mark.

For money would not keep; the most secure of all values had become the most insecure. The mark wasn't just low; it was slipping steadily downward. Goods were still available, but there was no money; there were still labor and consumption, but no economy; you could provide for the moment, but you couldn't plan for the future. It was the end of money.

The state wiped out property, livelihood, personality, squeezed and pared down the individual, destroyed his faith in himself by destroying his property—or worse, his faith and hope in property. Minds were ripe for the great destruction. The state broke the economic man, beginning with the weakest.

It was this chaos which literally fed Hitler and his followers; for the decay of the mark blew up to gigantic sums in marks small financial contributions, made in substantial foreign currency by friends in Czechoslovakia, Switzerland, the United States. A person could live comfortably for a week on a dollar at that time, and for a hundred dollars one could buy a minor revolution. It was a decisive turn in Hitler's career when his friend and admirer, Ernst Hanfstaengl, scion of an old-established wealthy printer's family, himself half-American by descent, borrowed for him the fabulous sum of one thousand dollars. This money enabled Hitler to set up, in February, 1923, the Völkischer Beobachter as a daily paper.

The Iron Octopus

ACCUSTOMED to military discipline, Hitler's followers shouted *"Heil!"* as their leader entered a meeting hall. After certain phrases, the speaker learned to make a barely perceptible pause and give a silent sign of which he himself was barely conscious, and the troop, with quick understanding, again broke out in a *"Heil!"* Then, one day, they, for the first time, clubbed off the platform a hostile speaker who had innocently believed in the promised freedom of speech; after another meeting they marched, for the first time, four abreast through the city, singing, "When Jewish blood gushes from our knives, things will be better." And Hitler learned from his followers. He learned that this kind of troop possesses more than the power of its fists; it possesses an almost irresistible power over men's souls. The troopers tramped through the streets like the state itself. Five hundred marching storm troopers expressed more power and authority than ten mounted policemen. In the onlooker, doubts arose. Was this marching monster rebellion, or was it already state power?

These men had to learn through accidents to create a distance between themselves and other men, to distinguish themselves by threats. At first Hitler merely knew that his men were disguised soldiers, a fragment of the Reichswehr like himself; and so he demanded a military salute, hand to their caps. But the enthusiastic, adventurous young men who began to gather round the hardened old soldiers had never known real military training. To them the regular military salute with its bent elbow was a strain. They took to greeting their comrades with a simple wave of the hand, which soon stiffened into an abrupt thrust. Thus the so-called Fascist or Hitler salute was born.

What the swastika first meant, whence it came—that is one of those questions which never will find a definite answer. It was originally a spiderlike figure with thin lines; but the printer who made up the National Socialist leaflets and posters used heavy bars for better visibility. This new type ultimately became the official emblem of National Socialist Germany. It has the effect of an iron octopus, a monster, aggressively reaching out in all directions—hence its menacing and frightening effect. In 1921 Hitler's new red banner with a black swastika in a white disk was unfurled in the open for the first time. The effect was so inflammatory that Hitler himself was surprised and pleased.

Of the millions who had already heard of Hitler, there were only a few hundred, perhaps only dozens, who had seen him close to. For all the rest his form existed only in fantasy. He had no wish to be seen. He slipped through the streets unobtrusively, whenever possible hidden by his escort. When he entered a meeting hall, he darted down the aisle of yelling supporters often with his coat collar turned high; and on the speaker's platform in the hard light of the gas lamps he was a lank figure, gesticulating in his shabby black business suit, hardly recognizable from below.

Hitler was afraid of being recognized, convinced that a murderer lurked at every corner. Any one who showed recognition of the inconspicuous figure in the yellow trench coat and stared for so much as a moment would receive a glance that was burning with hatred, suspicion, and rage.

How many victims had he delivered to the muzzles of the firing squads! He knew more about all the murders in the woods and in speeding automobiles at night than any state's attorney ever dared to find out. He wanted lamp-posts hung with corpses, and promised to send heads rolling from the scaffold. Through Rudolf Hess, his friend and admirer, he had his own supporters spied upon, their weak and dark points marked down on index cards. At the head of a few hundred followers, he had fallen upon little provincial towns and chased political enemies or unfortunate Jews through the streets. But in between these adventures he went his ways unknown, a little man casting a giant shadow on the sky.

Two separate worlds were fighting each other—a rising world of order, still with tender membranes and limbs, easily hurt, growing and solidifying amid infinite perils;

and a world of disintegration and tumult, struggling with old outbursts against its own ruin. Hitler fought for the perpetuation of the chaos. Swimming amid wreckage, climbing over ruins, that is his gift; and seldom has a man possessed it to a greater degree. Like a flag, he snaps in the storm.

The Beer-Hall Putsch

Now as the chaos deepened, Adolf Hitler stepped forward to show the world his empty face with the piercing eyes of fiery revolt.

He had hesitated until his hesitation had nearly broken the movement. But then he pulled himself together. From one moment to the next he took an extraordinary decision. The task was to overthrow the government. But how?

On the night of November 8, 1923, all the political leaders were again to assemble in the Bürgerbräu Keller, one of the many great halls in the city, where thirsty souls gathered at roughhewn tables to drink beer out of big stone mugs. Hitler determined to capture these men, representing the entire state power of Bavaria.

The trucks bearing storm troopers and machine guns rushed out of the darkness, the illumined entrances of the building were suddenly black with armed men. Inside, Kahr, head of the Bavarian government, stood unsuspecting on the platform; for half an hour he had been arduously reading from his prepared manuscript. Hitler rushed into the hall and jumped on a chair, while his men set up a machine gun at the entrance to the hall; he fired a pistol at the ceiling, jumped down, and through the sudden silence strode to the platform. A stony-faced police major, his hands in his pockets, barred the way. Hitler, fearing a shot through the coat, quickly set his gun at the man's head, and screamed, "Take your hands out of your pockets!" Another police officer pulled his arm away, but Hitler freed himself and mounted the platform where Kahr, pale and confused, had taken a few steps backward. Hitler cried out to the audience, "The national revolution has begun. The building is occupied by six hundred heavily armed men. No one may leave the hall. Unless there is immediate quiet, I'll have a machine gun placed in the gallery. The Reichswehr and police barracks have been occupied, Reichswehr and police are marching on the city under the swastika banner." Of this last, not a word was true.

According to a witness, Hitler had the "expression of a madman." His nerves were apparently unequal to the excitement.

Forcing the Bavarian leaders into an adjoining room—a cold dismal place, full of beer fumes—Hitler spoke in confused, jumbled snatches. He told them that he had formed a new government with Ludendorff. This was again untrue. Ludendorff knew nothing about it. "You have," he continued, "but one choice: to join me." No answer. All were darkly silent. At the doors and windows stood armed Nazis, pistols at belts, rifles over their shoulders, daggers at their sides—wild men with burning eyes, the ravenous beast, sensing that the cage door is about to open. Hitler raised his pistol and cried out that he knew it was hard for the gentlemen to decide, but that any one who did not want to collaborate in the post to which Hitler had appointed him "has no right to existence."

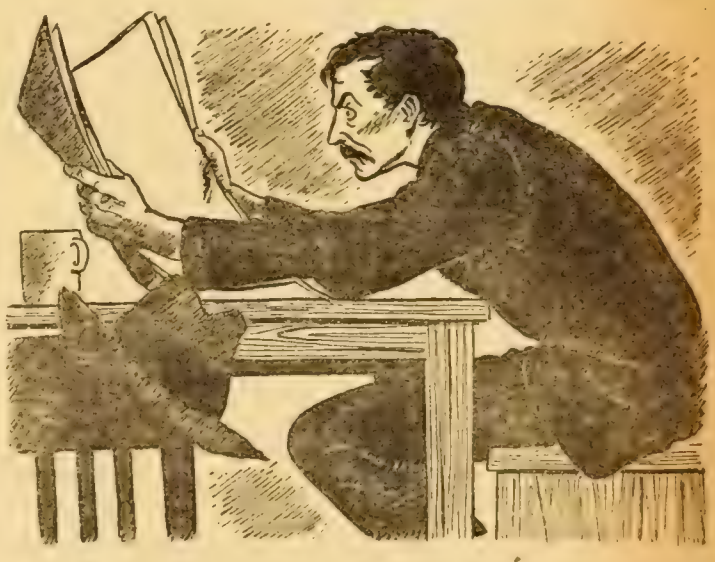
They had but one choice: to fight by his side and conquer, or to die. He staggered round the room half drunk, though he had certainly taken no alcohol. He brandished his gun in their faces. "I have four shots in my pistol! Three for my collaborators if they abandon me. The last bullet for myself!" He set the pistol to his temple and said solemnly, "If I am not victorious by tomorrow afternoon, I shall be a dead man."

At this moment General Ludendorff, who had backed the National Socialist Party, expecting to become its leader, entered the room in which the three Bavarians were held. He said he was just as surprised as the other gentlemen, but that this was a great national event, and he could only advise them to collaborate. This cost Ludendorff almost as much self-control as the three, but now they agreed.

The accord seemed complete. They all returned to the platform of the hall, shook hands, and swore loyalty to one another. The audience stood on tables and chairs and shouted, overpowered by enthusiasm. Hitler, who had threatened to shoot Kahr but a few minutes before, clasped his hand and said, "Excellency, I shall stand faithfully behind you like a dog!"—perhaps he meant a watchdog. Just then news arrived of a brawl between Reichswehr men and storm troops at one of the barracks. Hitler drove to the scene, leaving the beer hall in command of Ludendorff.

The crowd began to break up. The agitated human stream seeped slowly through the narrow door. Most felt exalted and happy, a few dubious and worried; all were moved by the feeling that they had experienced a bit of history behind their beer mugs.

Soon Hitler, in high good humor, returned to the Bürgerbräu. The waitresses were removing the beer mugs from the tables. On the floor, between the table and chair legs, the storm troopers lay sleeping amid their rifles and



knapsacks. In one of the smaller rooms Hitler expected to find the government leaders in a council of war with Ludendorff; to plan on carrying the revolution to Berlin. But the leaders had fled. Stunned by the blow, Hitler sank into a chair, stared at the great Quartermaster General Ludendorff, who had remained, and said nothing. He felt that his game had gone amiss, though he did not yet fully admit it to himself.

During the night of November 8 some three thousand more storm troopers gathered in Munich. They had machine guns and even some cannon. Next morning at eleven o'clock these storm columns started toward the inner city. They intended to occupy it, but they hoped that with the great Ludendorff at their head they would not have to fight to do so.

On Ludendorff's left side marched Hitler, holding the pistol with which he had sworn to shoot himself in the event of failure. The first ranks were followed by an automobile carrying several machine guns. Then came three thousand men with shouldered rifles, some with mounted bayonets—all singing.

An armed cordon was drawn across the street, perhaps a hundred policemen against three thousand. Hitler cried, "Surrender! Surrender!" This man could bluff from the depths of his soul. At the same moment a Nazi ran forward and cried in terror, "Don't shoot! His Excellency Ludendorff is coming!" Who can measure the effect of the fraction of a second wasted in muttering the useless word "Excellency"? A volley was fired. Göring fell, shot in the thigh. Hitler also fell and so hard that his arm was dislocated. Ludendorff remained standing. He even advanced. If fifty or perhaps even twenty-five men had followed him, the day would have ended differently.

The front ranks of the three thousand returned the fire. The whole exchange lasted less than a minute. Both sides were horrified and quickly stopped shooting. The narrow bit of street was covered with fallen bodies. Four-

teen of Hitler's followers lay dead on the pavement. Three of the police fell.

As soon as the shooting stopped, in the first seconds of stunned silence on both sides, a man rose in the front row, the first of them all to rise, the quickest, perhaps the most terrified, obeying only his instinct of self-preservation.

Ahead of all the rest the Leader fled. The day before, Hitler had taken a long chance; he had risked his head and he knew it; he had done it in high spirits and with good courage. Today he had gone into a venture lost before it was begun. Unable to avoid it, he had staked his life on an action which he knew to be useless. Now, leaving his men stretched out on the paving stones, he stood up and ran away.

A few days later Hitler was under arrest. As he sat in prison the German chaos came to an end. Six days after the shooting the German mark was stabilized. Germany received an international loan of eight hundred million gold marks. A period of prosperity, of relaxed nerves and settled living conditions began. This was the great recovery which Hitler had tried in vain to prevent with his last-minute *Putsch*.

Meanwhile, at the end of February, 1924, Hitler faced a special court with Ludendorff, Röhm, Frick, and others. The trial gave him immense publicity and was a scandal in every respect. In the presence of complaisant judges, Hitler regained all his courage, and his speeches before the court are among his most impressive.

Contrary to the clear wording of the law, despite the bloody consequences of his crime, he received the mild minimum sentence of five years' imprisonment; contrary to the clear wording of the law, he was made to serve only eight and a half months of his term; contrary to the clear wording of the law, he, a foreigner who had filled the German streets with fire and corpses, was not deported.

Hitler's cause collapsed. National Socialism was forgotten. Impotent and embittered in prison, Hitler laid down the leadership, broke with Ludendorff in a harsh and disrespectful manner, drew forth old sheets of manuscripts on which he had begun to write in 1922, and dictated to various fellow prisoners, lastly to Rudolf Hess, the continuation of a work to which he later gave the title Mein Kampf.

The Slow Climb to Power

For the first time since the war the German people were happy. Again there was work for all; there was money for those who knew how to make it; there was enough food; there were silk stockings and even pure silk dresses; women began to use lipstick; the first radios croaked; even people who were not immeasurably wealthy began to buy automobiles.

This was the great year of recovery, 1925. Everything was to be as before. Back to 1914! was the unuttered command. The bitter Peace of Versailles had established that the war had been a German crime; now, everywhere in the world, the kind and comforting view was advanced that the war had been a common mistake. The world wanted the soft caressing air, the freedom, comfort, and abundance of peace. And so, gaiety! Great public festivals!

An end to the old mourning which had lain over Germany since the war. In Munich, a city with less than seven hundred thousand inhabitants, from fifty to one hundred thousand people would go for a week without sleeping in their beds. A wild masked throng in theatrically bedizened vehicles moved with shouts and music along the same route Hitler's death march had taken in 1923. A man in a grotesque disguise was addressed by an acquaintance in the crowd: "Why, you were here in 1923, but dressed differently—you had a swastika and a gun then, you loafer!" The man thus addressed removed his scarlet cardboard nose for a moment, fastened his artificial mustache more securely, and said with embarrassment:

"Well, in those days we were crazy."

Released from his comfortable arrest, Hitler had again found himself free, but alone and little noticed, in semi-obscurity. For the prisoner of Landsberg had become an embarrassment to his friends, and a laughingstock for the masses, in so far as any one mentioned him at all. The movement had fallen apart; the leaders reviled one another to the amusement of the public; there was scarcely one whom the others did not accuse of stupidity, cowardice, financial irregularities, or an unsavory private life. A dozen more or less dubious characters—that was all that had remained loyal of his great staff of leaders.

To these little men peering up at the summit of the social pyramid that seemed so hopelessly distant, Hitler said consolingly that this summit would some day come down of its own accord. Be simple, be primitive, be brutal!—that was the command which in many different versions Hitler kept hammering into them.

At this time Hitler gave birth to his theory that in propaganda the same thing must be repeated indefatigably. Later he said that this was the same in politics as in the business field, in advertising a soap or a tooth paste. "To make a struggle intelligible to the people it must always be carried on against two things: against a person and against a cause. Against whom must our movement fight? Against the Jew as a person and Marxism as its cause." And gradually, by these means, he began to recover his following.

Hitler wrote newspaper articles which, in the opinion of every one excepting himself, were among the worst products of German journalism, and could not be compared to his speeches—precisely because they were essentially speeches written down. And for these articles he demanded gigantic fees of the party's miserable provincial dailies and weeklies. He now had as helper a volatile young man to whom nature had given a crippled foot. His name was Paul Joseph Goebbels.

With his well directed flattery, his affected ardor, Goebbels successfully penetrated the circle of little men among whom Hitler felt privately at ease—all of them physically small. He also was a dwarf; the "scheming dwarf, expert in the arts of slander, intrigue, and falsehood." Assuredly this young dwarf had an uncanny knowledge of the weaknesses of humanity and knew how to exploit them.

At that time Hitler received each month a sum of fifteen hundred marks from the ex-Duchess Eduard von Sachsen-Anhalt. The noble lady had been divorced from the former ruling duke; but she still received from the large ducal estate a comparatively small allowance of two thousand marks monthly. Hitler had been able to persuade the none too intelligent woman to send him regularly three quarters of this income; he had convinced her that when he came to power he would make her a duchess again.

Then Hitler had an unexpected stroke of luck: Göring came back. Hitler never had a better contact man than this old friend of the former German crown prince.

Hitler distributed his creatures throughout the party, systematically set rivals beside his rivals, fomented quar-

rels among his lieutenants over whom he remained the unassailable leader—such was the work of party building up to 1930.

To deal with the internal accusations of all sorts and keep public justice away from the many shady members of his elite band, he established in 1926 a party court. But if a party member was proved guilty of private immorality, dishonest business conduct, exploitation of employees, the court had a standing formula: "Well, what of it?" One S. A. leader was a bigamist, another a gambler and drunkard, a third a homosexual, a fourth discharged from his position for robbing the cash register. Well, what of it? The party had no use for "moral frills."

In 1925, a new band of the most reliable men was formed. Instead of *Sturm Abteilung* (S. A.) it was called *Schutz Staffel* (defense corps), abbreviated as SS. Instead of the brown S. A. shirt, these men wore a black Fascist uniform. At first everything was intentionally made hard for them. They had to wear a relatively expensive uniform, cut according to regulation, and this black splendor, including the belt with the motto devised by Hitler, "My honor is loyalty," on the buckle, had to be paid for out of the men's own pockets. For the SS. men must learn to make sacrifices for their convictions. The result was that poor party members seldom joined the SS.

Not until 1929 did Hitler find the right man to lead them, an eccentric who made his living from a poultry farm near Munich. This man was Heinrich Himmler. Himmler's great qualities are industry, precision, thoroughness. He looks like the caricature of a sadistic schoolteacher, and this caricature conceals the man like a mask. He gives the impression of modesty, but he can look unmoved on the most grisly of horrors. He is married, his private life is unassuming, he loves flowers and birds. More than any one else in this circle, he feels that he is only a part of the whole embodied in the person of his supreme leader.

The National Socialist despises his fellow Germans, the S. A. man the other National Socialists, the SS. man the S. A. men. The SS. man's task is to supervise and spy on the whole party for his leader. With this in mind Himmler drilled his troop, imbued it with his Fuehrer's arrogance and contempt of humanity, thus arming its men with the moral force to massacre their own people as well as foreigners, and to regard this as absolutely necessary.

Hitler's First Triumph

MEANWHILE, starting in the fall of 1928, Communism began its attempt to build Soviet Russia into a Socialist model state. Through unspeakable sufferings, through famine, through the death of whole sections of the population, through the misery of whole regions, Joseph Stalin, the dictator, drove his first Five-Year Plan forward.

On the other side of the globe, prices on the New York Stock Exchange crashed in October, 1929. It was the beginning of that crisis which, within a few months, spread to all continents: the depression of 1929-33. Between the two upheavals, Germany sought her way.

At this time Hitler finally found supporters among the industrialists. One was Fritz Thyssen, son of a powerful industry builder of the Kaiser's day, a Catholic and convinced nationalist. Thyssen was the prototype of the National Socialist money-man, an adept at eight-figure bankruptcies. He was the chief shareholder in the most powerful German steel trust. Thyssen financed Hitler just as confidently as the foolish duchess who hoped to recover her lost throne.

In 1923, money in Germany had lost its old majesty. Now, in 1930, work lost its value; three million men could no longer sell their labor, and more millions expected to lose their jobs in the near future. The new crisis approached slowly like an inexorable doom, gripping the souls of men almost before it gripped their outward circumstances. It is not hard to find parallels between the rising economic distress and the increase of Hitler's adherents. In autumn, 1929, when Hitler was emerging from the years of defeat and preparing the "popular decision" against the Young Plan, a German miner earned an average of 602 marks in a quarter of a year (third quarter, 1929). Hitler was still of little importance. A year later, the miner's wage had gone down to 548 marks, and Hitler achieved his first great electoral success; one more year and the miner's pay had dwindled to 497 marks, and Hitler's vote increased.

Any one traveling through Germany in August and September of 1930 with open eyes saw the landslide coming. But to the capital and the government it came as an unexpected blow when, on September 14, it turned out that Hitler had obtained a sixth of the German vote, 6,400,000, or a hundred and seven seats in the Reichstag. Alarmists spread the rumor that a march of the S. A. on Berlin was to be expected at any hour. Stocks fell sharply in New York. American and other foreign creditors began to call in short-term loans from Germany. Hitler was creating the catastrophe which he had so often prophesied.

His Character and Private Life

By 1929 Adolf Hitler was leading a comfortable life. In 1928 he had left his worst private worries behind him. In one of the most attractive and expensive thoroughfares of Munich he rented a nine-room apartment which he shared with his sister and niece. The need for size followed him everywhere like a magnified shadow dwarfing his personal stature. Having read that Mussolini had his desk at the far end of a gigantic hall and compelled his callers to undertake a long, painful march across the endless floor, he designed his own study in the same proportions.

The difference was only that Hitler often impressed visitors as a shy, embarrassed creature cowering unhappily behind his gigantic desk.

When preparing a speech, Hitler would declaim large sections of it to his friend Hess; he practiced gestures and facial expressions at the mirror. He practiced other things too. There was an important visitor to be received; the reception was previously rehearsed with Hess. Hess had to meet the stranger in advance, take a good look at him and report. Then there would be an interview like the following:

Hitler: Fire away, Hess! Can he be used or not? *Hess:* He can be used. But he's the silent type. *Hitler (suspiciously):* Critical? *Hess:* No, embarrassed. Would be terribly glad to admire, but he's embarrassed. *Hitler:* They are all prepared. For ten years they have heard of me; for the last year they have heard of nothing else but me. What does he expect? *Hess:* Authority, of course. You can speak at length. Your will is unshakable. You give laws to the age. *Hitler:* Then I'll speak with the firm voice, without yelling? *Hess:* Of course.

Hitler utters a few sentences. Hess, the human tuning fork, listens: ". . . No, not like that; quiet—no passion; commanding. You want nothing of him. It is Destiny that speaks. . . ." At length the adviser falls silent. Hitler is in the swing and speaks evenly with the "firm voice." After six or seven minutes he breaks off, already somewhat moved by his own words. "Good. Now I think we have it," he concludes. Then the time and place of the reception are set.

By what means did Hitler handle the men around him? The answer is that he did not handle them successfully. These men never ceased to laugh at him or to become enraged against him—and, in between, reluctantly to admire his amazing political success. He was not on terms of true friendship with any, not even with Hess who was seemingly so close to him. None of them addressed him by his first name. His subordinates were aware that they were participants in a wild venture, the maddest speculation in history, which was bound to pay off prodigiously if successful; and coldly businesslike, they called, and still call, the head of their firm the "boss." But they also had their disparaging nicknames. These realists, thugs and business men, had known their "Manitou" intimately for years, and no one could pass off any forged gigantic portrait on them. They saw his weaknesses, nearly all of which could be reduced to a phenomenal untruthfulness.

What got on the nerves of his co-workers, perhaps even

more than his alternate whining and brutality, was his indecision. Yet, tongue in cheek, they systematically built up the myth of Der Fuehrer's determination. What really is one of Hitler's strongest gifts is the ability to wait, to keep an eye open for possibilities, to watch events pass and patiently look on as, frequently, one difficulty is canceled out by another.

But his is a barbarian soul, without bond or loyalty, burdened with no intellectual possessions, obligated to no one; a child of nature who would be quite capable of frying a chop over a Stradivarius violin, and boasting that he had sensibly and expediently organized a spiritual heritage.

That is his intellectual armament. But he had a wisdom all his own. When he related horror stories about the Jews, a skeptical henchman might protest, "Adolf, you can't tell people such stuff!" Then he would smilingly reply, "You can tell people anything!" Hitler's deepest wisdom consists in his conviction that everything is possible, that all problems are capable of solution, and that —and this is the most important—the big things are the easiest.

Hitler's special trait is his concentration on greatness. This is the source of his power. When suddenly this man, who has been awkwardly standing around, now and then muttering a remark that by no means dominates the conversation, is seized with determination and begins to speak, filling the room with his voice, suppressing interruptions or contradictions by his domineering manner, spreading cold shivers among those present by the savagery of his declarations, lifting every subject of conversation into the light of history, and interpreting it so that even trifles have their own origin in greatness; then the listener is filled with awe and feels that a new phenomenon has entered the room. This thundering demon was not there before; this is not the same timid man.

Yet whatever the mental state, the emotional abnormality of this nature darting restlessly back and forth between somnolence and frenzy cannot be overlooked. No normal man strives for world domination; and a normal man would hardly lead Adolf Hitler's private life. Capable of great physical and mental exertions, he is almost pathologically disinclined to regular work; a magician does not work, and greatness is not achieved by ordered activity. Perhaps it is basically his disinclination for regular activity that makes him sleepless. He is nocturnal in his habits; when possible, he forces his staff to confer with him at night, and it is at night that he prefers to make his decisions.

Hitler does not smoke or drink, but he does consume immense quantities of sweets, as though he had remained a child in matters of taste and pleasure. He indulges in every pleasure that might appeal to a child: he goes out driving when the mood takes him; abandons all duties and spends half the day at the movies whenever he happens to feel like it; he can never get his fill of light music and operettas—nor of Wagner's sweet poison.

ONE of the greatest childhood pleasures, staying up late, became in time an ingrained habit; even as a young man, even as a soldier, he had difficulty finding sleep, which is one of the strongest elements of human routine and hence in violent opposition to Hitler's undisciplined character. He lies awake whole nights, pondering problems, turning them over and over hundreds of times. From this sleepless pondering, often after weeks of silence and aloofness, arise those so-called lightning decisions which surprise those blessed with better sleep. And then he speaks of his inspiration or intuition! The only element of truth in this is that he usually follows the dictates of his mood, seldom forcing himself to act against the voice of his inclination. This is not lack of energy; he can endure the most astounding physical and emotional exertions.

But even when—as occurs from time to time—he works, it is with the restlessness of a playing child.

For a time he was accused of homosexual tendencies. Such accusations, in view of his friendship with Röhm and the composition of the S. A., were natural but false. However, we can sense that here, too, in his convulsive exaggerated way, he is hiding something. Here we shall deal with this subject only as much as is necessary to cast a little more light on the contradiction between the private individual and the public picture.

One day his parental relations to his niece, Angela Raubal, ceased to be parental. Geli was a beauty on the majestic side, with an abundance of blonde hair, simple in her thoughts and emotions, fascinating to many men, well aware of her electric effect and delighting in it. She looked forward to a brilliant career as a singer, and expected "Uncle Alf" to make things easy for her. Her uncle's affection, which in the end assumed the most serious form, seems like an echo of the many marriages among relatives in Hitler's ancestry.

At the beginning of 1929 Hitler wrote the young girl a letter couched in the most unmistakable terms. It was a letter in which the uncle and the lover gave himself completely away; it expressed feelings which could be expected from a man with masochistic-coprophil inclinations, bordering on what Havelock Ellis calls "undinism." (Who wishes to do so may find some samples in this author's Psychology of Sex, 1936 edition, Vol. III, pp. 56, 57 and 60, 61.)

The letter probably would have been repulsive to Geli if she had received it. But she never did. Hitler left it lying around, and it fell into the hands of his landlady's son. For some reason Hitler seems to have feared that it was Rudolph's intention to make it public.

With the help of a remarkable human instrument, Hitler was saved from that disgrace. Father Bernhard Stempfle belonged to the Catholic order of St. Jerome; by profession he was an anti-Semitic journalist, a political conspirator. Stempfle, who was wonderfully gifted for haggling and intriguing, bought the letter—under exactly what conditions is not known. The sum of money does not seem to have been small. It was provided by Franz Xaver Schwarz, party treasurer, presumably with party money.

RELATIONS between Hitler and his niece became troubled as time went on; the incident of the lost and recovered letter perhaps contributed to the final catastrophe. In the end, Geli made up her mind to end her whole life with Hitler and go to Vienna.

Hitler resisted violently. During this quarrel Geli in her despair seems to have told outsiders about her relations with her uncle and about the dangerous letter. Hitler was beside himself; he felt he had been betrayed as a man. Geli was determined to leave for Vienna, where a friend was awaiting her. Her uncle forbade her. One day he went to Hamburg. As he was setting out, she asked his permission for the last time to leave Munich.

She called down to him from the window, "Then you won't let me go to Vienna?" And Hitler, from his car, called up, "No!"

According to the testimony of neighbors, she was not especially dejected. In a tone of indifference she announced that next day she was going to Berchtesgaden to see her mother, who was then living in the mountain house on the Obersalzberg. She went about the apartment with a little box bearing a dead canary, bedded in cotton; she sang to herself and wept a little and said she meant to bury poor dead "Hansi" near the house on the Obersalzberg. She began a letter to a friend in Linz—an everyday letter without special content. That was her last known act. Next morning she was found shot to death. It was September 18, 1931. Geli Raubal was twenty-three years of age.

After a thorough investigation, the state's attorney declared her a suicide. The coroner's report said the bullet had entered the chest below the left shoulder and penetrated to the heart, a probable direction in case of suicide. In Vienna, where she had grown up, Geli Raubal was buried in the Central Cemetery. A Catholic priest who was a friend of the family blessed her remains. As a rule the Catholic Church does not do this in the case of suicides; but it admits of one exception—where there is a likelihood that the suicide occurred in a state of mental confusion.

It was a terrible blow to Hitler. Gregor Strasser later claimed that for two days he didn't let Hitler out of his sight, fearing that he might do himself harm. The Austrian government granted Hitler special permission for a trip

to Vienna. A week after Geli's death he spent an evening at her grave, shedding many tears.

How and why had Geli Raubal died? Was it suicide? Was it murder? In either case, what was the reason? To a close friend her mother later hinted at murder, or else suicide under compulsion or strong suggestion. She did not accuse Hitler; on the contrary, she mentioned another name: Himmler.

Himmler's part in the matter can only be presumed. The mentality of this man and his entire circle justifies the most hideous speculations. Conceivably he thought it was his duty to free his Fuehrer from a dangerous woman. We can see him calling at a late hour; explaining to Geli that she had betrayed the man who was her guardian, her lover, and her Fuehrer in one. According to National Socialist conceptions, there was only one way of making good such a betrayal. To be sure, she was a woman, but at the same time, in a special and eminent way, she was a member of a kind of aristocratic order with strange concepts of honor. We may ask what Himmler hoped to gain

by the inevitable scandal; but a worse scandal was to be feared if Geli went to Vienna and began to talk, ultimately to the press. But again these are pure conjectures, though they do possess a certain inner plausibility.

The story as it is related here was told by Stempfle to a friend who had already learned a great deal from Geli herself. And probably Stempfle talked to other people too; perhaps in retaliation because Hitler ignored him after coming to power. One thing is certain: on June 30, 1934, when Hitler settled accounts with hundreds of enemies and former friends by mass murder, Father Bernhard Stempfle was killed by three shots in the heart in the Forest of Harlaching near Munich.

A Master of Intrigue

UP to 1930 the massive success of Adolf Hitler could be understood only with a constant eye to an epoch hiding from its doom. After 1930 the epoch struggling with doom can no longer be understood except with a constant eye to Adolf Hitler.

The world crisis was driving toward the point where it awaited Hitler—or some other demon who was ready to trample beneath iron feet the generation awakening from its dream of money and abundance. Dictatorship had established itself firmly at many points on the globe; the Bolshevist and Fascist designs were completed; the souls were prepared. A meaning had to be given to a world that had grown meaningless; if this could be done in no other way, then by force.

From 1930 to 1932, according to the official estimate, the number of unemployed in Germany rose from three millions to over six millions; actually to far more than seven millions. In the fields around Berlin the peasants posted guards with loaded rifles; for large troops of starving men came from the city, flung themselves on the potato fields, and carried the potatoes away in sacks.

The German collapse, which tore down the authority of the law, raised up the authority of violence in its stead as the Nazis began to undermine and to destroy the state from inside; especially to destroy the loyalty of its servants, armed and unarmed. They had their helpers, most of them carefully concealed in the ministries and other government offices; they gathered information about the inner movements and decisions of the state and accumulated their treasure of state secrets in a party office which was headed by a man at that time almost unknown to the outside world: Rudolf Hess, the "private secretary."

By January, 1931, the S. A. included approximately one hundred thousand men. Exactly a year later Hitler claimed over three hundred thousand, while the party membership stood at eight hundred thousand. Another year later, shortly before Hitler came to power, Röhm mustered some eight hundred thousand storm troopers in his eight *Obergruppen*.

THE sense and purpose of life for tens if not hundreds of thousands was to sit day after day in the "storm centers" which the National Socialists had strewn all over the country. The storm centers were their headquarters, for the most part back rooms of beer halls. Both proprietor and customers had sworn loyalty to Adolf Hitler, for beer-hall proprietors have at all times been the faithful voice of the people. There sat the unemployed in their coarse brown breeches and discolored yellow shirts for many hours of the day over their half-empty beer mugs; at mealtimes they were fed for a few pfennigs from a great iron kettle that simmered in the laundry room; their uniform, often the only suit they possessed, had been sold to them by the "field ordnance department" of the S. A. on credit and paid for out of the unemployment relief they received from the state. Thus Hitler's private army maintained itself as a sum of innumerable little groups, financed by the state they were planning to overthrow.

But when the whistle blew in the back room of the beer hall, when the squad leader cried, "Attention!" then these men rotting in inactivity sprang up, formed ranks, and stood at attention while a man in high boots and armed with a horsewhip shouted, "Every one, listen! . . . In the name of the Fuehrer, the chief of staff has ordered . . ." And they marched off. For wherever they might be marching, it could only be better. Suddenly one of them had a pistol in his hand, he hardly knew how it got there; rushing through a house door with a dozen others, he found himself in a strange room, he didn't know where; the pistol went off, a man lay groaning on the floor, he didn't know who.

This is no fiction; it happened in the village of Potempa in 1932.

Gradually Hitler wormed his way into the state system and into the confidence of those he intended to destroy—just by playing the good boy. Amazing how comparatively easy this was. He never won the confidence of the popular majority—never as long as there were free elections in Germany; but the men of the ruling caste, whether they secretly admired or only just tolerated or openly detested him, began to take him for granted as an indispensable and very big cog in the machine.

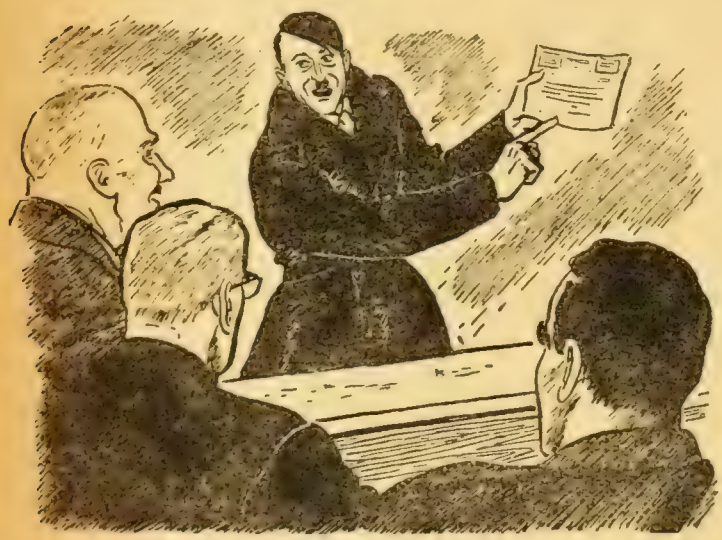
Amid the blackest domestic misery, Germany was struggling to become a respected power in the crumbling council of nations. Chancellor Brüning accepted Hitler's line—that foreign success must be based on unity and strength at home—and invited Hitler to reach an understanding with the government.

Hitler paced the floor of the editorial offices of the Völkischer Beobachter in Munich. A telegram was brought to him, signed Minister of War Groener and requesting his presence at a conference in Berlin. Hitler hastily read the wire, thrust the paper under the noses of all those present, and uttered a purr of triumph like a contented beast of prey. Then he brought down his fist on the telegram and cried, "Now I have them in my pocket! They have recognized me as a partner in their negotiations."

On January 6, 1932, Hitler conferred with Groener; the following day with Brüning. Two years ago he had been an almost unknown figure. Now the future of the Reich

was to be shaped by these conferences. The outward pretext for the meetings was that President von Hindenburg's seven-year term was due to end in May, 1932. A new president had to be elected. The most powerful political figure next to Hindenburg was already Hitler, but an electoral battle around the person of Hitler was bound to release violent inner conflicts, and inner conflicts could be fatal for Germany at the moment when she was fighting for recognition as a great power.

From this moment on, Hindenburg entered Hitler's life, and Hitler entered the life of the old man. It was an en-



counter between two men made great by history and created for each other, and the encounter was not only political but personal. When the two were face to face, the corners of their mouths seemed to show something like the grin of Titans who see through one another and contemptuously conceal the fact. Up to his last breath, Hindenburg treated the former spy with ungrateful contempt; he regarded him neither as a personal nor political equal, but brushed him off like dust from his fingers.

Hitler in turn saw through the foxlike, self-seeking old man behind the colossal legend, and in his intimate circle complained bitterly that Fate should have given him no more worthy adversary. The square head, the bushy mustache, the close-cropped hair, the lurking eyes—Hitler must have been terrified at the close resemblance between the old marshal and Alois Hitler, the customs official.

Now he informed this menacing fatherly figure that he, Hitler, was ready to honor him as his marshal, his president (read: his father); but that Hindenburg must make him chancellor. We seem to hear old Alois Hitler: Painter?—no, never as long as I live! Several times Hindenburg said almost the same words: Hitler—chancellor? Never, as long as I live; and certainly not by these indelicate, blackmailing methods.

Hitler set himself up as the candidate of the workers and the masses in opposition to Hindenburg. But the German voters showed with determination that they would not tolerate him. Hindenburg obtained 18,600,000 votes, Hitler only 11,300,000. The Communists garnered nearly 5,000,000 votes for Thaelmann, two and a half times as many as seven years before.

One thing was clear after these elections: the large majority of Germans were opposed to National Socialism. But nothing else was clear. It was plain what the country was against, but not what it was for.

The smell of revolution was in the air. Almost hourly, news reached Berlin of new murders committed by National Socialists, particularly in the eastern parts of the Reich; and the opposing sides, the "Iron Front" and the Communists, also shed blood. The Reich government declared martial law, providing summary justice and the death penalty even for lesser acts of violence.

This was a period of intrigue and counter-intrigue, of double- and triple-crossing. No party had a majority in Parliament. Hitler lacked votes to get power for himself, but in combination with any other party he could pull down any premier who was in power. The result was a series of new elections, each indecisive. However, his strength seemed to be ebbing. In the elections of July 30, the National Socialists and Communists together had won 319 seats. November 6, they obtained only 297. But of these 297, the Communists alone had 100. Alarm spread through Germany. Communism had reached the level at which the National Socialists had first terrified the world in 1930.

But what moved the public even more profoundly was that in these elections Hitler for the first time had been defeated, as all the prophets had predicted. He alone had forced himself to be optimistic, predicted a "great psychological success." Now the defeat was at hand. More than two million votes had been lost, thirty-three deputies did not return to the Reichstag; the National Socialist fraction was reduced from 230 to 197.

The party's trusted backers began to drop away; many belonged to that type of rich men who were always on the brink of financial difficulties themselves. In November, Fritz Thyssen had definitely declared that his strength was at an end; he would buy one more carload of political pamphlets from the Völkischer Beobachter, but after that they should cease to count on him. Even Adolf Müller, the printer of the Völkischer Beobachter, threatened several times in the course of November and December to stop printing unless he got some money. Hitler trembled and courted Adolf Müller's favor scarcely less than that of Hindenburg; he often yelled at him, to be sure, but Müller was half deaf and hard to perturb. He calmly replied that the Völkischer Beobachter was ruining him, but luckily he was doing a good business in Catholic church notices.

The game which the National Socialists played with the Communists in the last months of the fight for power will always be remembered as a masterpiece of political strategy. They systematically shattered the political order of Germany by fighting in the streets with the Communists and collaborating with them in Parliament. In the Reichstag they destroyed the basis of all government; on the streets they destroyed the peace. They did everything in their power to arouse and provoke the Communist menace. They sent the S. A. more systematically than before into the workers' neighborhoods, the centers of Communist power; they provoked street brawls, and publicly mourned their dead as victims of "Communist murder agitation." And they did all this with a party machine which constantly was on the point of falling apart. Certainly they lacked neither courage nor resourcefulness.

Worn out at length by incessant struggle, the leaders of the older parties finally gave in to what they considered the inevitable, and recommended to Hindenburg that he appoint Hitler chancellor.

NO power can be won without a sacrifice of principles; and Hitler, who looked to power as salvation, abjured many things that had seemed to him absolutely indispensable a few months before. After he had reluctantly renounced massacres and rolling heads, and only too readily renounced inflation and socialization, he became chancellor by declaring his readiness not only to be a strictly parliamentary chancellor, but also to tolerate continuous interference on the part of Hindenburg and to submit to every conceivable restriction. Of ten ministers, only three were to be National Socialists. These three were himself as chancellor, his friend Frick as Minister of the Interior, and Göring as head of a newly established Ministry of Aviation. There was no mention of Goebbels, much less of Röhm. Papen became vice-chancellor, and Hindenburg exacted the condition that Hitler should never appear before him alone, but always accompanied by Papen; for the old man wished to speak only with him.

Papen probably thought he had accomplished a master stroke. As chancellor, Hitler now bore the responsibility for German policy, and since he would achieve no greater miracles than any one else, his supporters would be disillusioned in time and turn back to the reliable old parties.

His cabinet was so cleverly constructed that Hitler could do no real damage and could no longer become a dangerous power; he would be a powerless chancellor and hence a broken party leader.

This was the cabinet that had been recommended to Hindenburg by Papen. Up to the last minute the old man seems to have resisted; but at noon of January 30, he administered the oath of office; at night twenty-five thousand S. A. men marched past the Chancellery with torches, and the National Socialists of Berlin marched with them.

Hindenburg stood at the window, beating time with his crooked stick to the old military marches that resounded from below. A few yards away Hitler stood at an open window, laughing, dancing, gesticulating with childish joy, now and then bowing to some one.

The Reichstag Fire

On January 31 Goebbels wrote in his diary: "In a conference with the Leader we establish the directives for the struggle against the Red terror. For the present we shall dispense with direct countermeasures. The Bolshevist attempt at revolution must first flare up. At the proper moment we shall then strike." Thus began the quest for a Communist uprising. Revolution always needs legal justification; it must claim to re-establish broken laws. When the revolution refused to flare up, Göring's police set out in search of it.

On the night of February 27, flames were seen rising over the Reichstag's cupola; soon the inside was completely gutted and the building a ruin. The police arrested a single suspect at the scene: Marinus van der Lubbe, twenty-four-year-old mason and vagabond, a Dutch subject who had previously belonged to the Communist organization and was definitely unbalanced. At once the official bureaus flooded the public with announcements that later had to be retracted: Van der Lubbe had carried a Communist Party book on his person; he had confessed to relations with the Social Democrats. Hitler and Goebbels drove to the scene of the fire with a large escort; to an English newspaper correspondent Hitler said that this was the incendiary torch of Communism, and that the fist of National Socialism would now descend heavily upon it.

The next day Göring, through the official Prussian Press Service, reported the plans for a Communist uprising. To the assembled cabinet he made a speech in which he claimed that "Torgler, the Communist deputy, had conversed with Van der Lubbe for several hours in the Reichstag building. Of this," said Göring, "we have unexceptionable proof." The "unexceptionable proof" was the observation of three National Socialists, later rejected as false by the court. Göring also spoke of men with torches, and, according to an official report, he said that these men had escaped through an underground passage which led from the Reichstag to the palace of the Reichstag president—that is, Göring's own palace, filled from top to bottom with S. A. men.

On the morning after the fire Ernst Torgler, chairman of the Communist Reichstag faction, went to the police; he declared that the accusations against the Communists, and especially against him personally, were ridiculous and that he would refute them. He stated that he did not know Van der Lubbe, had never seen him, and consequently had not made incendiary arrangements with him. Torgler was immediately arrested. The police also arrested Georgi Dimitroff, a Bulgarian, of whom they knew only that he was a prominent Bulgarian Communist. Not until more than a year later did it come out that this Dimitroff was the leader of the Central European section of the Communist International. Two other Bulgarian Communists, Popoff and Taneff, were also arrested.

As days went on, Göring's stories about the terrible Communist plans became wilder and wilder. He said that he would publish the material "in the very near future." It was never published. His police had many months' time in which to search for proofs of the attempted Communist revolution, and there were no earthly limits set to its investigation. For many months the Reich court investigated the fire and studied the evidence. Göring's documents were no part of it; they were not mentioned in court. In its verdict, to be sure, the Reich court said that it believed the Reichstag to have been set on fire by Communists, but the court admitted that it had no proofs of this. Then the court did a strange thing: it acquitted the two Communist leaders, Torgler and Dimitroff, and their Communist comrades, Popoff and Taneff. Only the apathetic, evidently insane Van der Lubbe, who admitted that he knew none of the four others, but stubbornly insisted on his guilt, was condemned to death, hastily executed, hastily cremated.

Today it is as good as proved that the Reichstag fire was not the Communist crime which the National Socialists made of it. Whether a troop of S. A. men passed into the Reichstag through the underground passage from Göring's palace, or whether a band of National Socialist deputies went about sprinkling benches, cushions, and carpets with inflammable liquids, is still uncertain. At all events, it fulfilled its purpose, for Hindenburg, in terror, signed an emergency decree which suspended the most important property rights and personal guaranties in the German constitution.

From now on the police was almost uncontested master over the German people. In Prussia, by far the largest state, this included the auxiliary police, the National Socialist army. Göring, the Minister of Police, could issue any command he pleased, and could be sure that the S. A. would carry everything out; actually it carried out far more than its minister could order. By truckloads the storm troopers thundered through cities and villages, broke into houses, arrested their enemies at dawn; dragged them out of bed into S. A. barracks, where hideous scenes were enacted in the ensuing weeks and months.

At first one was lucky to be arrested on the strength of Göring's big black list. These men were sent to ordinary police prisons and as a rule were not beaten. But terrible was the fate of those whom the S. A. arrested for their own "pleasure." Göring made use of his power to destroy the leadership and propaganda of the two workers' parties. He imprisoned all the Communist deputies he could lay hands on and a few Social Democratic deputies. The whole Communist press was suppressed indefinitely; and the several hundred Social Democratic papers were suspended for two weeks. This was a week before the elections. From then on there were virtually no Social Democratic meetings, while Communist meetings were officially suppressed.

To destroy Communism, the Nazis had to smash democracy. Before the ashes of the Reichstag building were cold, the air waves were alive with National Socialist voices blaring forth details about the murderous, incendiary plans of the Communists that had been frustrated just in time; S. A. men rushed about in trucks, drunken with victory and roaring threats at the people; in the cellars of the S. A. barracks, woolen blankets stifled the cries of victims. In a public speech Göring cried, "My measures will not be weakened by juridical scruples of bureaucracy. My work is not to administer justice but only to destroy and exterminate."

THIS was the mood governing the elections. Confused by an overpowering propaganda; stifling beneath the crumbling ruins of a disintegrating state; grown distrustful of his own ability to shape a democratic world; moved by the will to greatness apparent in the speeches and acts of the new men; face to face with tangible injustice, yet hour after hour lectured by his government on the necessity for hard measures to avert the Communist blood bath; and, on top of all this, intimidated by threats—the German voter gave his verdict on March 5, 1933. With 56.1 per cent of all the votes cast, he rejected National Socialism and its methods. But with the votes of several small parties allied to them, the Hitler government had a bare majority of a little over 51 per cent in the Reichstag. The majority did not want Hitler, but it wanted nothing else; there was no united will to confront the united will of the National Socialists.

Consequently the S. A. met slight resistance when on March 6 it began to flood the main streets, to invade public buildings, even to occupy factories and business houses.

They broke into private homes, dragged political enemies away, shot them, beat them to death or unconsciousness; occasionally looted Jewish shops; "borrowed" private cars, expropriated Jewish firms, to which they appointed so-called "commissar managers." For the most part this was done according to individual whim and no comprehensive plan. The regularity and uniformity of procedure arose from the lust for loot and pillage which for years had been nourished in these masses.

Since the regular authorities had no legal basis for action against the arrested leaders of the Left parties, the S. A. established its own prisons which it called "concentration camps." At first these were unoccupied factories or warehouses. The S. A. had learned the simplest rule of police repression; that the will of an imprisoned mass must first be broken by the most loathsome cruelty. Every arrest consequently began with a severe beating, and life in a concentration camp, particularly in times of overcrowding, was for most prisoners a monotonous series of kicks and blows; a coat improperly buttoned, a spot on one's clothing, a wrinkled bedcovering inevitably meant a blow from the inspecting officer. Years of incitement from above had taught the S. A. a bestial lust for torture and murder; many who may have been good-natured human beings when they began their service in the concentration camps were gradually turned into torturers and murderers by the routine.

At this time men who had hitherto regarded themselves as powerful began to fear the new masters. Dr. Hans Luther, president of the Reichsbank, had boasted only a few days before that he would not relinquish his post; but on the 16th Hitler sent for him. Luther resigned on the spot and permitted himself to be sent as ambassador to Washington, where he served the new regime with enthusiasm. The Reichsbank was the key position and commanding post of the German economic system; to this highest post of the dying economic age Hitler appointed Dr. Hjalmar Schacht, who had resigned from it only three years before and since then had been Hitler's prophet among the financiers and industrialists.

On March 14 Hitler created a "Ministry for Popular Enlightenment and Propaganda," and entrusted it to the most willing and capable of his pupils, Dr. Joseph Goebbels, an unsuccessful novelist, dramatist, and film writer and an extremely successful political speaker. He was possessed by the idea that all success in these fields is merely a question of publicity.

THIS was the beginning of an artificial intellectual tornado, in which the driest leaves flew highest. Writers whom no one had wanted to read marched, with the swastika in their buttonholes, up to terrified publishers and forced them to print large editions; incompetence loudly protested that it had been repressed only because of its patriotic opinions; at his crowded banquets Hitler suddenly found himself sitting beside actresses, no longer exactly in their prime, who whispered to him how they had been kept down by the old Jewish theater clique; players of second- or third-rate roles suddenly turned up at rehearsals and announced that in the name of the Leader they were assuming the direction of this theater.

From the Reichstag Hitler demanded dictatorial powers. Parliament was to go into retirement for four years, ceding the right of legislation to the government. In the galleries, in the corridors between the deputies' benches, stood SS. and S. A. men with pistols at their belts. Göring, in his president's chair, looked out over the hall through binoculars as though prepared at any moment to command, "Fire!" A few small splinter parties made dejected speeches for the affirmative. And then the mutilated Reichstag submitted. With 441 against 94 Social Democrats, the law was passed.

From the afternoon of March 23, 1933, Hitler was dictator, created by democracy and appointed by parliament. To a frightening degree the masses themselves had lost their sense of loyalty; many showed a suicidal frenzy in breaking with their customary ideals, connections, parties, leaders. They looked on in silence as their political world fell into ruins, and tacitly acknowledged that a new, uncertain, but bold edifice was growing up. This was no sudden, general flocking to National Socialism but a cynical lack of resistance—"They have won out, that makes them right."

The Blood Purge

RESTLESS, insatiable, and longing for greatness as a public figure, in private life Hitler preferred a mild uneventfulness. Even his crowded banquets were a kind of menagerie which he attended as a spectator. Himmler, Frick resembled him in this; they were silent, fishlike natures, with a taste for quiet and littleness. But the party leadership was also full of beasts of prey, the type which rends more than it can consume, and which likes to take its pleasures beneath the public eye. Göring and Goebbels were typical; Hitler was obliged to attack them publicly, but could not improve them. They were at all times ready, was their reply, to die for their Leader; but you could not expect a man who gave his life without stint to stint himself in the pleasures of life. It seemed to afford these men a perverse pleasure to insult public opinion by a shameless exhibition of their magnificence. There was a kind of sporting rivalry between them in their experiments on the public patience: how long would people continue to find mockery wonderful?

The bandits had at last come into money. They flung themselves into lives of wild, indecent sybaritism, forever pursued by the secret anxiety that they might be dead tomorrow or sooner. Hitler tried to teach them that it was better to "find bliss in commanding" rather than in stolen motorcars, expropriated castles and villas, wild eating and drinking bouts, and obscene distractions which sometimes occurred before the eyes of an indignant public.

The National Socialist financial backers now also came forward with their claims; the rich people who had supported the party during hard times and had helped the party leaders in many a financial strait, often enough by methods which involved cheating the state of taxes. Several big firms were threatened with proceedings for tax frauds; now it turned out that the little favors done for Göring had been a good investment. In breaking the law and saving millions for the big business men at the expense of the state, Göring collected his share of the booty in the form of tens and hundreds of thousands of marks. From a large department store with a Jewish name he bought old furniture and precious rugs without ever paying for them; a Jewish super-market enjoyed the dubious privilege of delivering wines and delicacies to him gratis for years.

As for Hitler, he bought his house and estate at Berchtesgaden with his own funds, so to speak, acquired from the sale of Mein Kampf—even though the largest part of his income as an author originated in the fact that the German people had to buy Mein Kampf whether they liked it or not. But Göring appropriated for his own use the state hunting grounds of Schorfheide near Berlin; and where a modest hunting lodge of the German Kaiser had formerly stood, he erected a sumptuous villa. He imported the body of his dead wife from Sweden and named the whole estate in her honor, Karinhall. However, he was considerate enough not to declare all this magnificence his formal property. Year after year the Prussian budget contained an item showing that the state hunting grounds of Schorfheide, the private residence and hunting domain of Prime Minister Göring, were maintained at a cost of a million marks out of the taxpayers' pockets.

Thus the Nazi leaders handed each other public property or plundered great private properties. But the three million S. A. men still fared as they had in 1923; they had staked their poverty and their lives on the great political gamble in order to find jobs as paid soldiers or officers in the future German Army; and they had been waiting too long, according to their lights.

Röhm, their leader, now raised his voice and demanded that the S. A. be made a part of the German Army. By his aggressive move, Röhm gave the "enemies of the S. A." their long-desired occasion to blame and deride what almost every one in Germany knew about the S. A. and their degenerate leaders; they particularly attacked Röhm's newly organized Berlin headquarters as the scene of extravagant and obscene orgies. At the beginning of

June, Hitler, according to his own account, had a five-hour conversation with Röhm, in which he demanded the liquidation of his male harem, and, more generally, a complete change in his system of leadership. From Hitler's subsequent explanations, it appears that Röhm refused to be intimidated, that he contradicted him stubbornly, and that his attitude was not respectful. From that moment on the fate of the S. A. and their leaders was sealed. Hitler had to separate himself from them, "trample them to dust," if he were to become supreme chief of the Reich.

The strife between the armed gangs not only separated the S. A. from the rest of the National Socialist Party, it also divided the S. A. themselves into a group gathered under Röhm's peculiar leadership and other slighted and dissatisfied groups. When these groups got ready for the fight, this meant—among other things—that they had drawn up lists of persons to be "liquidated" the moment action began. During the long-drawn-out years of struggle before 1933 there had been time to prepare such lists. The various factions of the party had noted the names and addresses of their enemies, and the enemies of one group were not necessarily the enemies of another; the enemies of the supreme S. A. leadership were not necessarily those whom Reinhard Heydrich had singled out in the name of the SS. Reich leadership; Hess's "liaison staff" and Göring had quite different lists of their own. In some places bloodthirsty fanatics had compiled endless lists of proscripts; in others, following orders from above, only a few inevitable victims had been designated. Personal feuds often proved fatal. There were lists of various kinds, of persons to be eliminated under any circumstances and of persons to be eliminated under certain circumstances; also purges of different degrees had been provided for: some in which the victims were to be killed at once; some in which arrest would be sufficient. This crisscross system of lists and purges of various types seemed to work out on paper; but in reality bloody confusion was almost inevitable, especially when former executioners were suddenly to be designated as victims.

This mass of stored-up murder considerably added to the bloody confusion of the subsequent events; persons fell who had absolutely nothing in common with Röhm and his circle, and against whom there existed no tangible suspicion, let alone an accusation calling for the death penalty.

Toward the end of June, Hitler said later, he decided "to put an end to an intolerable situation," that is to say, to depose Röhm, who had invited a number of S. A. leaders to meet him at Wiessee on Saturday, June 30, for a so-called "leaders' conference."

UP to the last minute Hitler was not clear in his mind about his purpose nor the means of achieving it. According to one of his own statements, he had ordered Göring, who was in Berlin, to proceed with "analogous" measures at his, Hitler's, cue! This "cue," as can be inferred from another of his utterances, was simply the report made to Göring that he, Hitler, was now striking out. The strength and extent of the blows to be delivered were not yet determined even after blood had been shed. On June 28 Göring and Himmler made preparations as for a civil war; they ordered their police commandos and their SS. special troops to hold themselves in readiness.

While this went on—toward the evening of June 29—Hitler finally made up his mind to go personally to Wiessee on the following day and arrest Röhm and his staff at noon, but for the time being not to inflict any punishment upon him. He wired Röhm that he was on his way, and Röhm seems to have felt glad and honored. Simultaneously Hitler ordered most of the high party officials to be in Munich the next day; obviously he was planning a kind of party trial of Röhm and his followers.

By one o'clock Hitler was finally convinced, as he put it later, that "only ruthless and bloody blows might still succeed in throttling the extension of the rebellion." At that moment, he said, he had no need "to investigate if all or some of these conspirators, inciters, wreckers, and well poisoners of public opinion might suffer too hard a fate," for "at all times rebellious divisions have been brought back to order by decimation." Decimation meant, as Rudolf Hess explained in a speech made about the same time, "that every tenth man, without any investigation, whether innocent or guilty, was struck by a bullet."

With this bloody decision in his heart, at two past midnight Hitler flew from the Hangelar airdrome near Bonn to Munich in order personally to direct the decimation. He had made up his mind that "only one man could and had to confront the chief of staff. He had broken faith with me, and I alone had to call him to account for it."

At four o'clock Hitler landed at the Oberwiesenfeld airdrome near Munich. He was accompanied by Goebbels, Viktor Lutze, and Otto Dietrich.

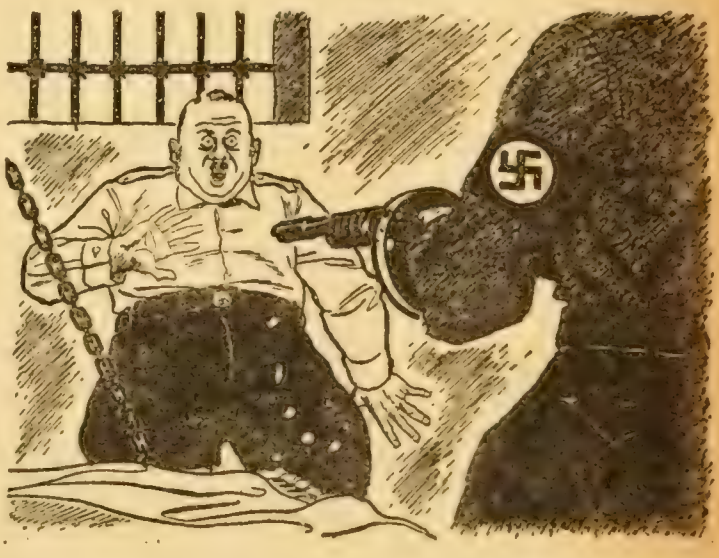
Hysterical scenes followed. Hitler wept on the bosom of his old friend and shock-troop leader, Joseph Berchtold, and bewailed Röhm's breach of faith, as he called it, and the end of their fifteen years of comradeship. Then he rushed upon Schneidhuber, who was chief of police, and Schmidt, his assistant, and tore off their epaulets. Schneidhuber cried excitedly that Hitler could shoot him if he liked, but that he should keep his dirty fingers off his person. The flyer, Ernst Udet, chief of the S. A. air force, was among those arrested. He ran up to Hitler and asked him in a fierce bellow whether he was not enough of a soldier to know the meaning of discipline. How could he punish soldiers for obeying the orders of their superiors?—and until now Röhm was still their superior. Udet was spared.

At seven in the morning Hitler and his party sped southward in a long column of automobiles. Goebbels, Lutze, Dietrich, and Buch were with him. Christian Weber, the fat brawler and murderer, in his black SS. uniform with its sinister skull and crossbones, was there, too, as well as Emil Maurice with his black hair and lurking black underworld look.

The man who now made this death-dealing pilgrimage had traveled a long and sinister road. He had grown so big now that he had an antidote for every difficulty, even if the name of this antidote was murder. An armored Reichswehr car was in the column; nor had Hitler forgotten to bring his press agent, Dietrich, who was to describe the planned blood bath.

Against a background of dark green mountains shone the placid surface of the Tegernsee, illumined by a gold-blue morning sky. In the wing of the Hanslbauer, Röhm lay wrapped in deep sleep. Hitler and suite entered, deliberately silent, almost on tiptoes.

Count Spreti was the first prisoner to be brought in.



He made a gesture which Hitler interpreted as an attempt to reach for his gun. The Fuehrer hit him on the head with the iron end of his heavy whip, and kept hitting the young man's face and skull until he collapsed. Then he hammered at Röhm's door with his fists, shouting to him to open up. Röhm's sleepy voice was heard: "What, you here already?" According to Dietrich's account, Hitler entered the room alone; Röhm submitted to his arrest and listened to Hitler's furious abuse without uttering a single word. Other accounts tell of a great scene between the two and of Röhm's rage. According to them, Hitler per-

sonally pressed a gun into Röhm's hand and invited him to commit suicide—at the obvious risk that Röhm would shoot him. This is scarcely credible.

"Heines' room, directly adjoining Röhm's," says Dietrich's account, "presented a disgraceful picture. Heines lay in bed with a homosexual boy. The disgusting scene which took place during the arrest of Heines and his friend defies description." Hitler ordered Major Buch "ruthlessly to exterminate this pestilential tumor." Heines and his companion were dragged out and shot in a car by Maurice and Weber. They were the first dead.

Hitler hastily went back to Munich, ordering Röhm's staff guard to precede him. This guard had appeared shortly after the arrest of their leader and did not make any attempt to free him—another sign that at least the troops were not prepared for a rebellion against Hitler. On his way back, Hitler intercepted car after car full of S. A. leaders on their way to the conference at Wiesseè; he ordered some of them to follow him and signified to others that they were arrested—and no attempt to resist was reported. Followed by a long file of dismayed prisoners and frightened henchmen, Hitler returned to Munich.

On the morning of the same June 30 Göring and Himmler struck in Berlin. The police commandos for special services surrounded the S. A. headquarters and penetrated inside without encountering resistance. A few minutes later, when Göring arrived, he found the S. A. leaders standing with arms upraised. He ran through the rooms on every floor, pointing at individuals and shouting, "Arrest him . . . arrest him . . . arrest him. . . ." Those whom he did not point out were free and returned to life. The arrested men were taken to Lichterfelde. In the course of the morning approximately one hundred and fifty prisoners were herded there.

Within the walls of Lichterfelde and Stadelheim, and to a lesser extent at several other places, there now began a massacre which was probably the most hideous incident in modern German history. In Munich, Walter Buch directed the executions. He shouted, "The Fuehrer wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire!" A fourfold salvo thundered, and against the wall fell the storm troop leaders.

The endless salvos under which his friends fell dead were probably the last thing of which Röhm was conscious in this world. For the second time in eleven years he was locked up in a cell in Stadelheim prison. The death which he now faced was undeniably his own work on which he had spent a life marked by daring, cunning, energy, bloodthirstiness, and faith. So this was the purpose for which he had originated the armed political party, given it his soldiers and weapons, won the favors of the powers that be for its leader, pushed him into a decisive position shortly before the Putsch! This was the purpose for which, after the first collapse and the long years of painful failures, he had rebuilt his Brown Popular Army, without which Hitler would never have triumphed—to be murdered in an obscure cell! Adolf Hitler, his creature, had given orders to leave a gun on the table of his creator for him to commit suicide with—he had been given ten minutes to do this. Röhm declared that "Adolf himself should do the dirty work," and let the ten minutes pass. Then the door opened, and from outside bullets were pumped into the cell until Röhm was dead.

WHILE this went on, about one hundred and fifty top S. A. leaders awaited their death at Lichterfelde. They had been locked up in a coal cellar of the Cadet School. One of them who escaped by accident has provided us with an account of the events.

At intervals of about fifteen minutes, four names were called out; this meant immediate death for the four men named. The mood of the prisoners was not really dejected. Most of them realized that these were definitely their last hours of life. The whole thing lasted twenty-four hours, and there was a night's pause. It took all that time to slay the hundred and fifty men, except for five or six who were pardoned at the last minute. Many of them tried to be gay, and sometimes succeeded; at certain moments the whole group was solemn; but with one exception there were no nervous breakdowns.

The prisoners had a completely false idea of the general situation and the reasons for which they were being murdered. It did not occur to them that they were to be shot by Hitler's orders; on the contrary, they believed that their supreme Leader was imprisoned like themselves, perhaps already dead, a victim of the "reactionaries," among whom they counted Göring and Goebbels.

The victims were stood in a row against the wall. An SS. man opened their shirts over their chests and drew a black circle around the left nipple with a piece of charcoal: this was the target. Five to six yards from the wall stood eight SS. men with rifles.

Then the order to fire rang out. Here, too, it was: "The Fuehrer wills it. Heil Hitler! Fire!"

Among the men stood against the wall at Lichterfelde was Karl Ernst, an "old fighter." When he left the cellar he was still firmly convinced, just as his comrades were, that Hitler himself was a prisoner. Whether he heard, understood, and believed the order to fire, no one will ever be able to say. At any rate, he threw up his arm and shouted "Heil Hitler!" He died with his Fuehrer's name on his lips.

The shots, from a distance of five to six yards, tore out the flesh of the victims. The spot where the bullet left the body under the left shoulder was transformed into a gaping hole, and the bullets dragged out parts of the body. The observers in the cellar could see bloody pieces of flesh stuck to the wall after the victims had dropped, and the darker heart fragments were clearly discernible. The wall was not cleaned in the intervals between the executions; hence, after a short time, it was completely covered with blood and human flesh.

Among the men in the cellar was *Standartenfuehrer* Gehrt—"little Gehrt," as our account calls him. In the World War he had been a captain in the air force; he had been decorated with the highest Prussian order, Pour le Mérite; during the last years of the war he had belonged to the Richthofen squadron commanded by Göring.

Gehrt's name was called out and he left the cellar, but apparently was not taken to be executed. Had Destiny intervened at the last moment? Those remaining inside assumed that Göring's personal friendship had saved him. But two hours later, Gehrt returned to the cellar, completely broken, and told the following story:

An SS. officer told him, "Go home, wash and shave, put on your gala uniform with all your medals, and report to Prime Minister Göring." Gehrt left the barracks. Overwhelmed by this apparent last-minute escape, he went home, did as he had been told, and reported to Göring's headquarters. It took some effort on his part to get through all the guards, but he was stubborn, and finally reached his old comrade in arms whom he wanted to thank warmly for his release.

Göring received him surrounded by his staff. He approached Gehrt, tore off his Pour le Mérite decoration, and his other medals, and said to the people around him, "I gave orders that this pig be brought here because he once belonged to my squadron. Take him away!"

Gehrt was taken back to the coal cellar where he col-

lapsed, allegedly the only man who did not keep up his nerve. He had to be pushed to the wall.

From time to time a horse-drawn tin-lined truck, which obviously belonged to a butcher and served for transporting meat, entered the yard. The corpses were thrown into this truck and carted away.

How many such corpses had been carried away by July 1 was never known. In his Reichstag speech Hitler mentioned a figure which means nothing: he said that there were more than seventy-seven. There were certainly many hundreds. Executions like those at Stadelheim and Lichterfelde also took place in Stettin, Dresden, Breslau, and other cities. But not everywhere were such masses dragged to the slaughterhouse. Many victims were hunted down individually, and more than one man in those gruesome days took advantage of the general freedom to shoot in order to satisfy his private hatred, lust for revenge, and the most hideous murderous instincts.

THERE is no doubt that Göring himself sent the six assassins in mufti who on the morning of June 30 appeared at General von Schleicher's villa, rang the bell, quickly broke in, and shot the former chancellor in front of his wife and niece. Von Schleicher died on the spot. He had reached for his gun, and the six assassins had killed him in self-defense—this was the version Göring at first tried to circulate; but later Hitler in his Reichstag speech made no attempt to maintain it. One bullet, allegedly by mistake, hit Frau Elisabeth von Schleicher, who died half an hour later. The six murderers drove away in their car one minute after they had carried out their mission.

Göring took advantage of the vagueness of Hitler's orders and the confused state of the death lists to slaughter a number of enemies other than the rebellious S. A. leaders, but he certainly did not go against Hitler's intentions in doing this. For in Munich, too, where Hitler gave direct orders, people were murdered who had nothing in common with Röhm. To justify these crimes, the story of a "reactionary" plot was put into circulation, a plot which was even more incredible than the alleged revolt of Röhm.

General von Bredow, a friend of von Schleicher, was dragged out of his apartment at night and apparently shot in his abductors' car; Gregor Strasser, arrested at noon on June 30, fell like Röhm under bullets fired through the window of a prison cell. The reason for these murders was not only a reason of state, but probably also a personal one. Göring bitterly hated von Schleicher and Strasser. He would have gladly dispatched a third enemy, von Papen; but von Papen was not only vice-chancellor, he was also a personal friend of Hindenburg, who, at least in the flesh, was still alive. So Göring summoned von Papen on the morning of June 30 and told him to stay at home and above all not to show himself in his office, for decisions concerning the fate of the nation and the Reich would be carried out on that day. Von Papen remained at home; whether he could not or would not warn his assistants is uncertain. At any rate, three SS. men appeared at the Vice-Chancellery, where von Bose, von Papen's unsuspecting aide, was engaged in a conversation with two industrialists from the Rhineland. Von Bose was politely asked to step into the adjoining room. The visitors heard shots. The three SS. men departed. Von Bose was dead.

IN Munich, seventy-three-year-old Gustav von Kahr, who eleven years earlier had crushed Hitler's *Putsch* and had lived in retirement since then, was dragged out of his home. A few days later, his horribly disfigured corpse was found in a swamp near the Dachau concentration camp. Kahr was not shot; he was hacked to death with pickaxes.

Fritz Beck, director of the Munich Students' Welfare Fund, a Catholic, like Klausener and von Bose, was taken out of his apartment by two SS. men on June 30. Two days later his naked corpse was found in a woods near the town of Pasing. He was identified by a papal medal he wore around his neck; his face was a formless mass.

People were murdered whose only crime was that they had had a quarrel over a copyright with Max Amann, Hitler's publisher. People were murdered to whom Hitler had promised his personal protection.

Thus the prophet's words had at last come true. The Fuehrer had "trampled on the bodies" of his best friends; along with his enemies he murdered these friends in the most criminal and the most frivolous fashion; and for that very reason he was admired by the people—including those of his victims who escaped death. Once again greatness had come cheaply as soon as he could bring himself to be great; and the mass character of the horrors silenced the question of good and evil, justice and injustice, in men's souls, leaving them only with the feeling that a hideous necessity had worked itself out. By his gruesome deed of June 30, 1934, Hitler, in the eyes of the German people, definitely assumed the dimensions of a superhuman being, whose rights and reasons could no longer be questioned. "There won't be another revolution in Germany for the next thousand years," he proclaimed.

The belief in the necessity of evil, which slumbers in the lowest depths of the human soul, had been awakened by Hitler as by no other man in the history of Europe; the fact that he could do what he had done seemed like a confirmation of Hess's fanatical words: that through Hitler higher powers were fulfilling man's destiny. Hitler now began to do frightful things easily, and the more frightful they were, the more easily he did them. He discovered the secret law of history, which has made all bloody figures like himself bigger than life size when the times were favorable: the law by which the most horrible deeds become less heavy to bear, the more monstrous and numerous they are, because in the end each horror wipes out its predecessor in the minds of the people.

Hitler had known this for a long time; his own career and the deeds that had raised him to leadership had proved it to him many years before. The piles of corpses on June 30, 1934, must have given him the final proof that since 1919 his path of murder and violence had been the right path to greatness.

A few days after June 30, at midnight, Hitler, exhausted and disheveled, appeared at the Reich Chancellery in Berlin and shouted, "I must work until tomorrow at noon, and I must not be disturbed!" He locked himself up in his room. A quarter of an hour later his voice was heard again: he wanted a plane. At almost the same hour, as a few days before in Bonn, he left for Munich. At daybreak his car took him from the Oberwiesenfeld airport to the Brown House in Brienner Street. Impetuously he leaped up the steps to the Hall of Honor, hung with banners and flags, including the "bloody banner" of November 9, 1923. Silently he stared at the banners for a while, then ran down the steps, entered his car, and hurried back to the airport.

Postscript

This book has related from its beginnings a story which has not yet come to an end.

In it I have shown—or tried to show—the roots of Hitlerism and the growth of that sinister philosophy of force which seemed, at one time, almost destined to overshadow the earth.

The ending I have given it—the days when the blood purge gave Hitler absolute mastery of his party and of Germany—is less arbitrary than may, perhaps, appear. For by that time, the pattern was set and the weapon forged. Having enslaved his own people, Hitler was ready to use the techniques he had learned—to enslave the Continent. The shots in the Stadelheim Prison were the first shots of the Second World War.

Hitler was able to enslave his own people because he seemed to give them something that even the traditional religions could no longer provide: the belief in a meaning to existence beyond the narrowest self-interest. The real degradation began when people realized that they were in league with the devil, but felt that even the devil was preferable to the emptiness of an existence which lacked a larger significance.

The problem today is to give that larger significance and dignity to a life that has been dwarfed by the world of material things. Until that problem is solved, the annihilation of Nazism will be no more than the removal of one symptom of the world's unrest.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

ROBERT SHERROD'S **Tarawa, the Story of a Battle** is so good, so graphic, that any reader who wishes can "witness" the battle for himself. Sherrod went over with one of the first waves. He made that fearful run from where the outer coral reefs held up the Higgins boats to the little strip of sand behind the sea wall where death was spitting at the marines as they left their amphtracks and waded the last desperate yards.

He experienced the fear, the trembling that most men feel

Robert Sherrod

when death flashes around them —and he recovered from fear as brave men do as they become battle-hardened. He watched the marines go through the same experience and saw them overcome the frightening handicaps of a difficult landing and a solidly entrenched enemy which outnumbered them and fought doggedly to the death.

And to these marines, the fearless and the frightened, those who had courage and those who gained it, he pays the greatest tribute a correspondent can. He records

Wanda Wasilewska

their fateful hours faithfully and with the intense drama of actuality.

Published by Duell, Sloan & Pearce, N. Y. Price, $2.

THE RAINBOW, by **Wanda Wasilewska** is an impressive chronicle of superhuman Russian resistance and subhuman Nazi cruelty. What it lacks as a novel it more than makes up in power.

It tells of a few days in a Russian village during which the German commander tried to break the spirit of the peasants with such physical and mental tortures as only the most brutally evil mind could inflict.

It closes as a detachment of Russian troops with the aid of the villagers wipes out the German garrison and restores the town to its battered survivors. Recommended especially for those who are horrified by the "inhuman" Allied bombings of German cities.

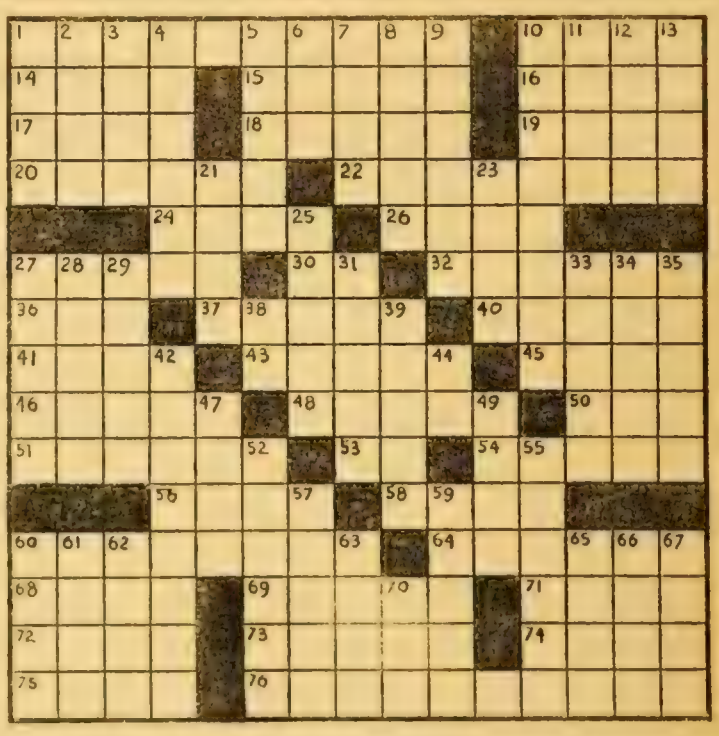
Published by Simon & Schuster, N. Y. Price, $2.50.

IF you have ever had the idea (as most of us have) that you could draw fairly well if only you had some competent, concise instruction to help you along, get a copy of **It's Fun to Draw**, edited by **Alan D. Bogorad.** Nine top-notch men give you the help you need on everything from drawing the human figure to doing cartoons and lettering—with a chapter on breaking into professional art for good measure.

Published by Knickerbocker Publishing Co., N. Y. Price, $1.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

BY TED SHANE

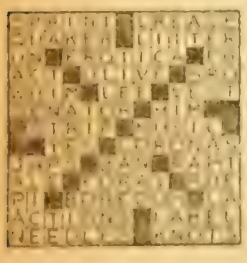


HORIZONTAL

1 The Germans would like to find a little of this
10 Smack, as a *musca domestica*
14 Coin (anagram)
15 No better word for no better
16 Barber's Motto: There's no place like this to sharpen a fellow up
17 No soldier minds being half this
18 The dream of fair men
19 This network has been very nervous
20 Ration dough (pl.)
22 What Bette Davis does all over the screen (var.)
24 What Hitler and Tojo never do to their own necks
26 A conservative Englishman
27 A searching problem
30 Pronoun with sex
32 They display booby traps in the city
36 Underprivileged Diamond Robbers (abbr.)
37 He starts off by being a man, and winds up an awful goat
40 Post
41 For him sufficient unto the day was the Eve thereof
43 How a hotfoot leaves me
45 Frenchman's dream
46 Reperch
48 Male with mail-order house
50 Rita Hayworth's nickname
51 Slight case of the shakes
53 Each end of a street, empty in middle (abbr.)
54 What fools these mortals be
56 Liquor's so short, hams're drinking these
58 Thorn of the Irish rose
60 Tough old Greeks
61 Wonderful lassies
68 Reet sheet with a drape shape by a Latin satin
69 What oldtime lady rustlers wore
71 A broad-minded gent usually has one on his mind
72 —
73 What grammaw called a necking bee
74 Neutral country
75 Kind of has-been wolf
76 Sex of a kind (pl.)

VERTICAL

1 One little thing after another
2 Soon even this will talk back to Hitler
3 It's smart to get in between its covers
4 Strolls in
5 Watchful folk
6 Spare part for making minor adjustments
7 Length times breadth
8 Customary custom
9 This is hurled by bands of men with noisy instruments
10 $8.95 suit
11 Tincans on spiritual tails
12 Feed the kitty
13 They get all balled up before long drives
21 Lousy eggs
23 Broadway light
25 Ancient flyers
27 Know where a guy can pick one up?
28 A little squirt from down under
29 Wipe it out
31 Socks Underwood
33 Pitchers with big mouths
34 Joosh person well-known along the Mississippi
35 They're at their best in winter
38 Henglish topper
39 Rope
42 Organ lining
44 Kidney tinker (abbr.)
47 Binge
49 Skid along the drink with a sheet in the wind
52 Lots of point in their getting potted (pl.)
55 Schooner that crosses bars around Chermany
57 It's a trap
59 Old Suth'n folk from Africa
60 Expensive container of booze
61 He'd enjoy seeing a German hanging from him
62 Seaweed jello
63 River 'way down under
65 Acre (anagram)
66 Burp forth
67 Jap dough (pl.)
70 'Ark (Cockney)



Last week's answer

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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THE SPHINX CAN DANCE

Continued from Page 17

utes elapsed before Mr. Matlock showed, behind a page boy.

Chlo introduced herself. "You had our phone message?" she said.

Matlock stared at her. He was a thickset middle-aged man, with an expressionless face and cold gray eyes. "Yes. It is nice of Mr. Dark to send his car for me. But I hardly expected his secretary."

"I only came because there's rather bad news," Chlo said. "After we called you, Mr. Dark was suddenly taken ill. At lunch."

"I see," said Mr. Matlock imperturbably.

"And," Chlo went on, "he's simply mortified at having to postpone the meeting. So . . ." She stopped. This was a little like trying to get *en rapport* with the Sphinx.

"Yes?" prompted Mr. Matlock.

Chlo said smoothly, "But Mr. Dark thought you might like to go sightseeing. He knows you haven't been to New York for years. And I"—she smiled her wrinkly smile—"have been detailed to act as courier."

She might as well have wrinkled her nose at the wall. "That's very kind of you people," said Mr. Matlock in a stony voice, "but I'll have to decline."

Chlo felt set back on her heels. But she was an adept at gentle persuasion.

"It really wouldn't take long," she said tentatively.

"Humph," said Mr. Matlock. "I saw all I wanted of New York twenty years ago."

"There've been some changes made since then," Chlo said, beginning to quake a little. Unless this man of iron could be softened up, she was headed straight for the soup tureen.

"Doubtless," agreed Mr. Matlock implacably.

Licked, Chlo said to herself. Whatever the requirements for beguiling recalcitrant margarine tycoons might be, she obviously didn't have them.

"I'm sorry to disappoint you," Mr. Matlock said, as if out of some latent graciousness.

She shot him a quick look. Was he, by any chance, weakening? She decided not. The Matlockian physiognomy could have doubled for a stern and rockbound coast. She bit her lip.

"I'm sorry too," she said with suppressed feeling. "But I guess there's nothing we can do about it. Mr. Dark will get in touch with you as—as soon as he can. Good-by, Mr. Matlock."

She turned away. Now she was in an A-1 jam.

"Just a minute," said Mr. Matlock quite suddenly. "I've changed my mind. But I must be back for a dinner of the Amalgamated Canners and Packers Association."

Chlo drew a deep breath of relief. Two minutes later she was saying to the whipcord robot, "Downtown, please, Alexander." It was the first name that popped into her head.

Presently Jerome S. Matlock deigned to rubber at Chinatown. "So," he said expansively, as they traversed Mott Street.

Loquacious guy, Chlo thought. "We'll go through the financial district," she said. "Very quaint and interesting. You know, little narrow streets."

"Um."

Chlo tapped her slipper. Conceivably she could have pried more enthusiasm out of a baked Boston scrod.

"Ha," said Mr. Matlock then, to Wall Street and Trinity Church.

"Uptown, Alexander," Chlo commanded a trifle wildly. "Mayor LaGuardia's home and Grant's Tomb."

They were rolling north when suddenly she saw a fruit store. She halted Alexander. "I won't be a minute," she said.

She was five minutes. When she returned with a box of luscious apples, J. S. Matlock was not in the car.

"But where did he go, Alexander?"

"Dunno," said the chauffeur. "An' me name ain't Alexander, lady. It's Joe Ginsberg."

"To me," said Chlo, "you will always be Alexander. I . . ." She checked it. J. S. Matlock was approaching. Without a word, he climbed calmly in the car.

"I thought," Chlo said, as they started again, "that you might like an apple."

"No," said Mr. Matlock, "I don't want an apple."

"Oh, do have one," said Chlo. "They're lovely."

He made a sort of violent movement with his shoulders. But he took one. Thereafter Chlo pressed fruit upon him. They arrived before Grant's Tomb with Mr. Matlock reluctantly worrying at his second apple.

"This," announced Chlo respectfully, "is the burial place of the great Union general. And . . . Oh, I almost forgot! Won't you have a cigar?"

With deft wizardry she produced a box from a pocket of the car. "They're very special."

Mr. Matlock, looking resigned now,

(*Continued on page 50*)

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That makes your face sure look top-grade!

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Monsieur B., a musician of world-wide renown...

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The Fund Chairman's face wore a gratified grin...
The crowd was entranced by the artist's technique
They cheered each cadenza (and one little squeak).

Then—"Tell us, Monsieur!" cried a voice from the hall
"Can you name the most beautiful music of all?"
"Mais oui!," he replied. "To ze highly trained ear
'Tis ze sound of ze pouring of Blue Ribbon Beer!"

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* Pat. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 48)

bit an end off a panatela. He smoked it in rabbity fashion.

Chlo sniffed comfortably. "I love cigar smoke."

"Ah-argh," said Mr. Matlock.

The end of Chlo's rope was fast coming up. This gent was probably the world's most conversationally disinclined margarine magnate. Once, about to take the advertising bull by the horns, she opened her mouth. She closed it hastily. The time was not now. Mr. Matlock's mien suggested extreme unhappiness.

The car flashed southward, entered Central Park, emerged at Fifty-ninth Street. "Oh, look," Chlo said, "there's the Plaza. Shall we have a cocktail?"

"I don't drink," said Mr. Matlock sepulchrally.

"Tea, then." Chlo was firm. Until she could bring the wan conversation around to advertising, she refused to release him.

The Plaza was just a pain to Mr. Matlock. In the cocktail lounge he sat looking like a basilisk with arthritis. And the low rhythm of the orchestra did nothing, apparently, to soothe him.

"Let's dance," Chlo said, in desperation.

"Very well." Mr. Matlock might have been accepting an invitation to lay his head in a guillotine.

THEN Chlo got a shock. In a dignified way, Mr. M. had hot feet. The feet appeared to thaw the rest of him, infinitesimally.

"You," he said, "dance very well."

"Likewise," said Chlo à la Miss Duffy.

They danced the cocktail hour away.

A waiter slid the check before Mr. Matlock. But Chlo's hand shot out. "I couldn't let you," she said. "Mr. Dark would be mortified."

Matlock stared. He didn't argue. But unexpectedly he said, "I don't give a hoot about the Amalgamated Canners and Packers Association."

"You mean . . ." Chlo stopped. What did he mean?

Mr. Matlock arose. "Come," he commanded. "Let's go."

They went—on a species of refined and synthetic pub crawl. Mr. Matlock simply took over. In lordly fashion he dismissed Alexander and poured Chlo into a taxi.

"Now," he said gloomily, "we will paint the town."

They dined at an exclusive restaurant. Between courses they danced. And once again Chlo's slim hand, darting snake-like, grabbed the check.

"Here!" Mr. Matlock glared. "I won't have it."

Chlo smiled, freckles and scar crescent moving to advantage. "Oh, but I must. Mr. Dark would be terribly mortified. Wouldn't you like to dance again?"

"Yes," he said. "But not here."

Then from club to club, until Chlo's head whirled. She had not believed it possible to abandon oneself to the dance fueled strictly by ginger ale.

That, however, was what J. S. Matlock did. Not an alcoholic drop entered his system. But he fox-trotted, one-stepped, waltzed. He shagged; Susy-Q'd. He rumbaed and congaed. He cavorted, pirouetted, curvetted. He said practically nothing. And no smile relieved the austerity of his countenance. He was just the Great Stone Face, with ants in his pants.

Long after midnight, in Hot Spot Number Umph, lumps of lead displaced Chlo's feet. She slipped off her shoes beneath the table. At this point Mr. Matlock said, "Shall we dance?"

"Couldn't we just sit this one out?" Chlo asked hesitantly. "And—and talk?"

A keen gray light streaked from his eyes. "About advertising?"

"Well," she said carefully, "it's a subject."

Mr. Matlock cleared his throat, then loosed off what, for him, was an oration.

"Now, young lady," said Mr. Matlock, "I am going to buy champagne and Mr. Dark can be as mortified as he likes. I wish to celebrate a very interesting experience. The trouble is, however, that I was suspicious from the start. Your coming to my hotel, the car"—he spread his hands—"it was—er—irregular. So, while you bought apples, I telephoned."

Chlo's skin, which hadn't prickled for hours, rose now to purple heights of prickling. "And?" she managed.

"And I was informed that Mr. Dark was far from ill. In fact, he was talking on another wire. Well, I didn't wait to talk to him. And I didn't give my name. I hung up. You see, I had suddenly decided to probe this novel method of getting an advertising account."

Chlo was silent.

"And," Mr. Matlock finished, "I have had an elegant time this evening. But there is no reason why I should give my business to a particular firm simply because its owner sicks his especially attractive secretary on me."

Chlo's head came up, eyes flashing black and yellow. "Mr. Matlock," she said, "I know when I'm licked. But you've got to believe me! I did this thing alone. Mr. Dark—nobody in the agency had anything to do with it. I found out that you hate crowds; that high-pressure business methods give you—ah, claustrophobia. I knew that you like apples and cigars. So I decided to talk to you myself first, to try to tell you that Dark, Devlin and Disbrow isn't the usual powerhouse sort of . . ."

His eyes stopped her. They could have belonged to a cold-storage oyster. "So?"

She shrugged hopelessly. "That's all. Except that, tomorrow, I'll probably lose my job. I don't suppose, though, that means anything to you."

"Not a thing in the world," said Jerome S. Matlock almost cheerfully. "But I like this tune. Shall we dance?"

THE buzzer that summoned Chlo Calder to the royal presence went off stridently. Chlo got up, groaning.

"Well," she murmured, glancing around her neat little office, "here it comes. Good-by to all this, Calder."

Behind his desk Thaddeus K. Dark sat smoldering.

"You!" barked Mr. Dark, stabbing a finger at her. "Don't you say one word till I'm through! I've figured this out. You took French leave yesterday. Matlock never showed up. Well, I'm no fool. There's a connection. I'm certain of it. All right! I'll hear your explanation. And then I will fire you so quick your head'll spin." He purred in anticipation.

"Well, T. K.," Chlo strove for nonchalance, "it—it bothered me that Matlock acted so strangely at those other agencies. And I felt, suddenly, that we ought to know more about—oh, what kind of man he was. So, on a sort of impulse, I phoned the newspaper in Eurekaville, Kansas. Of course they'd done a feature story on him, since he's the local big shot."

"My Lord!" T. K. Dark put head in hands.

"And I discovered," Chlo hurried on, "that Matlock doesn't like high pressure. Our worthy competitors probably tried to gang up on him, and rubbed

his fur the wrong way. Well, we were all set to do likewise. Oh, not you, T. K." She spread butter. "You're too smart. But some of our men who were going to be at that meeting are big talky-talk guys. So I—I just took Mr. Matlock dancing."

"Dancing?" T. K. uttered strangled sounds.

"Not only that," Chlo wailed. "I spent twelve dollars an hour for a plush limousine. I bought cocktails and dinner, lobster Thermidor."

T. K. clasped hands over his head. "Limousines! Cocktails! Dinners! Lobster Thermidor! Well, tell me this! *Did you get the account?*"

"No," said Chlo, in a voice like an expiring zephyr.

The one tiny ray of hope that she had clung to since the previous evening flickered out now, completely. She had, she saw, made a sweet mess of things.

T. K. Dark trotted out a Jovian rumble. "Well, of all—"

That was when the door opened. In flew Miss Wintz. Miss Wintz gulped, pointing over her shoulder.

Jerome S. Matlock, without waiting for invitation, strode in. He carried a large roll of papers which he hurled onto Dark's desk. They unrolled. They were photostats of the advertising campaigns, each with copy attached.

"I demand to know," rasped Mr. Matlock, "how those confounded things got into my hotel room. Draped over my bed! Over my bureau! Stuck up on the walls! Well?" His oysterish eyes went to Chlo.

"This," said Chlo, "is terrible. But—It's just that a girl friend of mine is the girl friend of the house detective."

Matlock swung on Dark. "See here, Dark! You'd be promoting the common weal if you kept this woman locked up. She rode me all over New York, sight-seeing. I hate sight-seeing. She crammed apples down my throat. I detest apples. She forced me to smoke cigars. I abominate cigars. And, not content with that, she kept me up half the night dancing and—"

"I kept you!" Chlo almost howled.

"And"—Matlock ignored her—"I had to sit up the other half reading your infernal advertisements."

It was a pitifully small opening. But Chlo, a woman going down for the third time, jerked herself together.

"Why did you have to read them? Couldn't you have thrown them into the wastebasket?"

Matlock blinked. "Why, why—"

Chlo flicked away caution and slugged. "I'll tell you why, Mr. Matlock! Because they are wonderful ads, and you know it. You know, too, that they'd sell that margarine stuff of yours like nobody's business. Because if you, disillusioned as you are, had to read them, how on earth could the public fail—"

"Stop screeching!" J. S. Matlock clapped hands over his ears. "I admit it. They are good ads. The best I've been shown."

"If you were an intelligent business man," screeched Chlo, "you'd be here to tell us—"

"I'm here to tell you," cut in Mr. Matlock, "that if all I have to do to get out of this howling madhouse of a New York City is to give you my advertising, take it. Send your representative out to Eurekaville, Dark, with the contracts. I'm sick of all this palaver. I'm going home on the first damn train."

The Dark mouth was open cavernously. Chlo fluttered an eyelid. Then she followed Mr. Matlock.

"There's just one thing," she said, at the elevators. "Why in the world did that newspaper give me the wrong dope—telling me you like apples and cigars, but never mentioning that you're Fred Astaire's twin brother?"

"Oh, that." Mr. Matlock blushed slightly. "Well, a woman reporter came to get my story. Impudent woman, too. Said I didn't have much color. So she invented that apple-cigar rot. It seemed harmless. But it's true that I dislike big business meetings and being pushed around. Those other agencies tried to push me. Your approach was—um—unique. But"—he leveled a finger—"you'd never have gotten my business if your ads hadn't been darned good."

"But I still don't see"—she pushed the elevator button—"why that newspaper didn't feature your dancing. It"—she shook her dark head—"is something."

Mr. Matlock drew himself up. "That, young lady, is a matter I refuse to publicize. Would you consider it fitting for a married man with four children, and the head of a large business, to be classed with jitterbugs and rugcutters? But"—a wistful note crept into his voice—"I do love to dance."

"Brother, that's one for the Department of Understatement."

"Apropos of that," Mr. Matlock said unexpectedly, "I'll tell you something. But if you ever give me away, I will not only remove my account from your agency—I will murder you in cold blood." He paused, and a smile crossed his Sphinxlike face. "When I was young and dumb, I was a champion marathon dancer. They couldn't tire me out."

And Jerome S. Matlock, margarine colossus and secret dancer, commandeered a passing elevator.

THE END

MEDICAL AUTHORITIES
RECOGNIZE
PHILIP MORRIS
proved far less irritating to the smoker's nose and throat!
WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS, EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED COMPLETELY OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!
—facts reported in medical journals, on clinical tests made by distinguished doctors. Proof that this better-tasting cigarette is better for you . . . less irritant to nose and throat!
PHILIP MORRIS & CO. LTD. INC.
MADE IN U.S.A.
CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS
America's Finest Cigarette

At daybreak on
May 10th 1775...
Ethan Allen and his
Green Mountain Boys struck
a mighty blow for freedom!
They stormed Fort Ticonderoga.
The memory of deed, doer and
date will never die.
Today, in world wide battles, liberty-
loving Americans are giving their lives.
Here on the home-front we pledge our
fortunes... without stint... to back
them in their fight for right and freedom.
Men and tools are all in it every
minute, and Ticonderoga pencils are
in there working overtime in war
plants and offices,—a great writing
tool turned fighting tool for the
safety of America.
Demand...
DIXON
TICONDEROGA
A Fine American Pencil With A Fine American Name
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DAYBREAK FOR OUR CARRIER

Continued from Page 25

out of the sea by our own people. On paper this may sound easy, and it always sounds rather matter-of-fact when announced later in the newspapers. But we have lost flyers and their gunners despite our efforts to relocate them after once their yellow life jackets or their tiny rubber boats have been sighted from the air.

When something which is capable of taking the flyers aboard is sent out to the spot, the little raft just isn't there any more. Both current and wind may have taken a hand in the disappearance.

Of all the tragedies aboard a carrier, the tragedy which reaches all hands is the knowledge that on the ocean is a rubber boat with one or more shipmates in it, and this boat can be neither reached nor found.

Under ordinary circumstances, the search could be continued indefinitely. But when a task force is deep in enemy waters the commander has the United States to keep in mind, and the lives of a good many thousand under him, as well as a pretty big parcel of fighting properties.

If the decision were put up to the crews, they would stay. The thought of not being able to find shipmates left floating is so repugnant that the destruction of themselves and their whole task force appears preferable.

But a vicious war of this sort cannot, unfortunately, be won by emotions, and so we have had to steam away.

So the flyers in the readyroom tonight were not letting themselves be fooled too much by the possession of these jungle kits. The Pacific does contain islanded waters where these jungle kits are of supreme value, but the location of the coming attack is not in such waters.

In any of these last-hour readyroom conferences the one item about which the flyers need not be reminded is that they are going out on a serious mission. Any Fourth-of-July type of oration would be equally ridiculous. That much is obvious. At least, it is obvious to those who give the final instructions. For instance, here are the closing words of one squadron skipper: "Each of you knows the target you're to hit—hit it!"

THE night was too perfect. There was no wind, and this worried us. We hoped for a wind before starting the launchings. But at the moment the sea around us was as flat as the flight deck.

Many of us preferred not to go below. The odd tranquillity of the flight deck may have had something to do with it. For within a short while this same flight deck, as we knew, would be turned into a blizzard of propellers, and of orders being signaled as fast as they could be signaled in the darkness.

Down below on the hangar deck the mechanical crews continued working through the night, rechecking the planes and their bomb loads. Those planes had to be as prepared for the morning's first take-off operations as the planes already on the flight deck.

The predawn take-off operations called for two of the carrier's three elevators to be used constantly, even while the planes made their getaway down the deck. The same plans called for these ships to be already warmed

(Continued on page 66)

A color reproduction (14½" x 20") of this scene from Cecil B. DeMille's Paramount production "Union Pacific" may be had free by writing Union Pacific Railroad, Room 1125, Omaha 2, Neb.

The driving of the golden spike

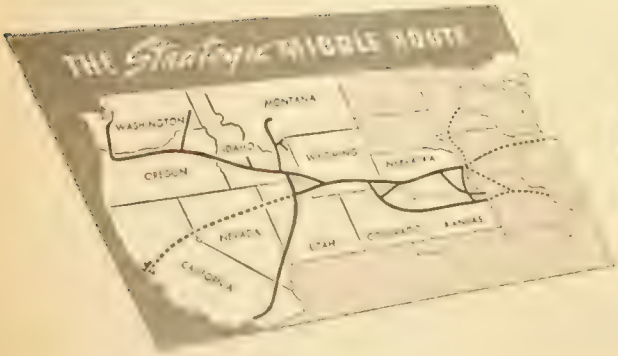
● PROMONTORY POINT, Utah, was the scene of a history-making event on May 10, 1869—the realization of a great American's dream. It was Abraham Lincoln who visualized the vital need for uniting by rail, the East with the West, and who authorized the building of a transcontinental railroad.

The Union Pacific struggled through lean and troubled years but, like other pioneers, it had faith in America's future. Edward H. Harriman had unbounded faith in America. His guiding genius—and the faith of the leaders "from the ranks" who followed him—gave strength to the railroad.

America always has offered unlimited opportunity and ample reward as an incentive for hard work and individual enterprise. That's why it's such a great country. It's our job to keep it that way.

* * * *

This year marks the 75th Anniversary—the Diamond Jubilee—of the driving of the Golden Spike, the completion of "The Strategic Middle Route." Union Pacific commemorates that historic occasion by continuing to exert every effort in the transportation of materials and troops to hasten the hour of victory and peace.



THE PROGRESSIVE

UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD

Gantner WIKIES

Whether you prefer snug knit WIKIES or casually loose poplin boxers.. Gantner remains America's finest swimwear! At better shops everywhere. ***Gantner****-of-California, San Francisco, Chicago, New York.*

GEORGE MASQUERADES ON MANEUVERS

Continued from Page 29

no reason fighting three if I can fix it so I only got to fight two. So I use my head.

"Maybe he is right, George," I say peaceful-like.

Swivel-neck relaxes, so when I grab him sudden and yank, he comes to me easy. And I bring my head down hard, so the top of it will catch him in the forehead. Only I overlook one thing. We are both wearing tin hats. And when my helmet hits his helmet, my helmet rings like a bell.

I let Swivel-neck go. And he sits down and is not interested in what goes on. But neither am I much, for I am dazed. These other fellows start bopping me around, and it is quite a fight. George claims later I am winning hands down, but I do not know. All I know is I am very happy when I hear a whistle and some one call, "Attention!" It is Captain Pullen.

We all stand up except Swivel-neck, who remains seated and asks where are all those bells which ring so loud.

"What is the meaning of this fight?" Captain Pullen demands.

George gets his story in first.

"These men assaulted us, sir," he says. "We killed them fairly. But instead of falling, they tried to capture us by brute force."

"How did you kill them?" the captain asks.

"They moved us. And we were booby traps, sir," George says, like that explains everything.

Captain Pullen blinks a couple of times. "Booby traps?" he says. "Booby traps? Who set you?"

"We set ourselves," George replies. He points to the flour bags which we use for pillows. "We are human torpedoes, sir. See? There are the explosives we placed under ourselves."

"It's a gyp, sir, a dirty gyp!" Sox Fordyce yelps. The captain gives him a stern look. "I'm sorry, sir. I mean, I think it's a dirty trick."

The captain walks up and down. It is a tough case. He walks to his jeep, pulls out a bunch of signs with "Dead" and "Wounded" on them, and c...es

"One thing is apparent," the capt... says slow, like he is trying to contro... himself. "Either you are all dead or all alive. So I am not going to decide whether you were booby traps or not, but will simply rule you all alive and free to go to your respective commands. And in the future, Private McKeller," the captain's voice gets harsh, "if booby traps are to be attached to bodies, they will be attached only to dead ones. And, at least on these maneuvers, dead bodies will be labeled so."

He gives us some of these signs to take back to the sergeant, just in case. And he makes us and the O. D.s leave in opposite directions. As soon as we are out of his sight, George stops me.

"Let's duck back and follow those other guys," George says. "That way we may find their headquarters."

I try to argue him out of it, but he does not listen. He sets off through the woods and I follow. Sure enough, we soon catch sight of Swivel-neck and the rest.

WE see them go up a hill, and by looking close, finally spot a gun covering Four-mile Crossing.

"Let's go tell Sergeant Grawk about the gun," I whisper.

"Nuts to the sarge," George answers. "I am going to take care of those fellows myself."

"You and Sergeant York," I mutter bitterly.

George hands me one of the signs with "Dead" on it.

"Hang that around your neck and let me do the talking," he says.

Before I can stop him, he walks out on the trail as bold as you please. I think he is nuts. But I follow, for I am curious to see what happens.

We don't get more than ten feet before a couple of O. D.s jump out with their guns aimed at us and yell "Halt!"

"Save your ammunition and your breath," George says. "Can't you see we are dead?" he says. "We're hunting your boss so he can tell us where to go."

Well, one of these boys comes out and walks down the trail with us. He makes a crack about what kind of a stone do we want. And George says it is a hell of a note making a guy walk to

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

JOCKTOPUS: A Scotch cuttlefish.

SKYCHIATRIST: He explores aviators' minds.

KLEENECKS: I suppose it'll do *that*, too!

GUTTER-PERCHER: A bird with rubber limbs from a too great lack of sobriety.

DISASSTER: Falling off a donkey.

ALKALIE: Saying it's not acid when it is.

TIETANIC: A tremendous cravat.

MATEARYAL: What crying towels are made of.

GREWSOME: Frankenstein's monster's adolescent son.

EXCENTRIC: A guy who used to be nuts.

his own funeral. So we are all laughing when we reach the gun post and report to Corporal Slag, who is in charge of the O. D.s there.

When George tells him we are dead, the corporal laughs too, and says George and me look like we are dead a long time. We soon are all laughing fit to kill. Only, George and I are laughing for a different reason from them. For we know we aren't dead.

Just then Captain Pullen starts coming up the trail in his jeep. George nudges me.

"Now," he whispers.

He lets fly a bag and catches Corporal Slag so hard it knocks him flat. About the same time I smack Pudge Barlow with a grenade in the middle, so he sits down gasping in a cloud of flour. George and I work fast, and mark all these guys before they get over being surprised.

It is just in time. For these O. D.s unfreeze and swarm over us like ants over a picnic cake. I get another punch in the eye and am very much abused and bruised. It sure sounds good when at last I hear Captain Pullen sing out, "Attention!"

I can just straighten up. But George clicks his heels and salutes. He is sure proud of himself.

"Beg to report, sir," he says. "We have just wiped out this gun post, sir."

"They didn't either, sir!" the corporal yelps. "They walk up here saying they are dead. They . . ." His voice trails off. I guess it dawns on him dead men do not go around walking and talking like we do.

"We simply walked up and said we were dead, sir," George says, smooth as molasses. "And they fell for it. Who ever heard of dead men acting like we did? Maybe they thought we were zombies, sir."

George smiles brightly, till he sees how grim Captain Pullen looks. The smile fades.

"I said those signs were to be used on casualties, Private McKeller," the captain says sternly.

"Isn't it fair to pretend to be dead, sir?" George asks. "Lieutenant Thorpe told us yesterday to watch out for dead men on the battlefield, to make sure it wasn't some one playing possum."

"Hrrmph!" the captain growls. He chews his lips. "Booby traps," he says. "Human torpedoes," he says. "And now it is zombies. However, you are right in this instance. Corporal Slag, an elementary rule of warfare is to watch out for enemy soldiers pretending to be dead. You and your gun crew are wiped out. As for you, Private McKeller, if you have any more ideas that end up in brawls, you'll spend the rest of the maneuvers on K. P."

WELL, I think Sergeant Grawk is going to hug George when he learns we wipe out the gun post.

"Great work, Private McKeller," the sarge says. "Yuh got th' makin's of a real soldier."

"You got the sarge on your side," I whisper to George.

"Yeh!" George replies unhappily. "Just my speed. I get the captain mad to make friends with the sergeant. That's no way to get a recommend to O. C. S. Now all I need is to make the sarge sore."

Which, with George, is no trick at all. We wander over and listen to the sarge and his corporals bull over what to do. Should they rush a couple of jeeps, which, like I say, represent tanks, over Four-mile Crossing, or should they try to cross somewhere else?

"Them O. D.s will figure us tuh hit Fo'-mile Crossing fast," the sarge says. "So they'll replace that gun quick. If only we could cross upstream and hit their flank."

"Sarge," George says brightly, "I've heard about floating jeeps across water by running them on a tarpaulin and holding up the corners. Why not try that?"

The sarge thinks this over. "Jest what Ah was goin' tuh suggest when yuh interrupted," he lies. "We'll send a couple o' tanks to make a demonstration in front. An' Ah'll lead the flank attack."

The sarge sends most of the boys to act like they're going to attack in front. And he picks George and me and Tony Bolony, whose real name I never learn, to help him.

We peel down to our shorts and shoes and dump our clothes and guns in back of the jeep. Then we stretch out the tarp, part on the shore and part in the water, holding up the edges so the water won't run in. The sarge drives into the center of the canvas. Then we put a lot of brush around and under the jeep to belly out the canvas and give buoyancy.

We lift the corners and pull. The jeep floats about three or four inches above water. The creek is about four feet deep and the going gets hard in the middle. But finally we reach the other side.

"This is it," the sarge says happily.

But just then we hear a whistle. I shudder. I have heard that whistle before. Sure enough, it is Captain Pullen standing on the bank we just leave.

"Would you mind telling me what you plan to do, sergeant?" the captain asks.

The sarge flounders to attention. He is tall and bony, and standing there, knee-deep in water, with only his shorts on, he looks like an undernourished sand crane.

"We floated the jeep across tuh hit the O. D.s' flank, suh," he says.

Now George has no right to speak up, but he is most anxious to give credit where he thinks it due.

"It was my idea, sir," he says proudlike.

THE sarge glares at George.

"Ah thought of it tuh, sir," he says.

"It was a good idea, regardless of who thought of it," the captain agrees. "Only, that jeep represents a twenty-eight-ton tank, and you are not going to float one of them across a stream on a piece of canvas."

There is a terrible silence.

"Can't it be an amphibian tank, sir?" George quavers.

"No!" The captain is very firm. "The O. D.s were told it is a regulation tank and, I suppose, have made their plans accordingly. I am not going to let you do anything with the jeep you couldn't with a tank. So you must consider the tank lost."

The captain about-faces and leaves. The sarge starts cursing George, and he is still going strong when we get the jeep back to the middle of the stream.

"Hey, sarge," I interrupt him, "try and hold your side of the canvas higher. There's a leak."

The sarge looks at it sourly.

"Hurry up, men," he orders. "All Ah need now for a perfect day is tuh have this thing founder."

"Cork the hole with your finger," George suggests.

Well, the sarge tries to do what

Advertisement

"I bake all my own pies and cakes and always have Wheaties in the house. You might put that down next to my phone number."

Some dish! And we do mean Wheaties. "Breakfast of Champions," with plenty of milk and your favorite kind of fruit. That's a real dish for useful whole grain nourishment. And it's an elegant dish for the kind of flavor that tastes like more.

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We agree with you perfectly, youngster. Ugly toilet bowl stains and discolorations are *too* awful. They are inexcusable, too, for Sani-Flush makes toilet bowls gleaming white and sanitary—quickly and easily. Use at least twice a week. Removes many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. No messy scrubbing or special disinfectants.

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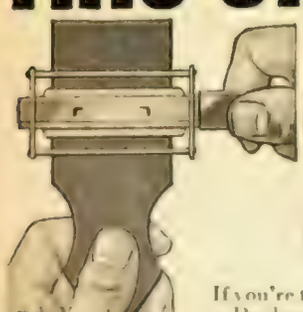

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If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades. Sorry, No C. O. D.'s.

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George tells him. I guess the canvas is rotten, for it splits, and Chase's Run rolls in and the jeep goes down.

The sarge is so mad he cannot even cuss. He just stands there looking at George. Finally he ducks and fishes out his clothes. He empties the water out of his gun and wades ashore. He turns and looks back at us, still standing where the jeep goes down.

"Yuh men wait till Ah send a truck to pull that thing out," he says. "An' yuh, Private McKeller, keep out o' my sight or Ah'll murder yuh."

The last we see of him, he is plowing through the bushes with the water squirting out the tops of his shoes every step.

We get our stuff and wade ashore. We spread out our clothes and start cleaning our guns best we can. Tony and I joke a little. But George, he just sits there. First the captain. And now the sarge.

Pretty soon Corporal Cole comes up with a couple of O. D.s we capture to help pull out the jeep. They strip down like us, and sit waiting in the sun. In a little bit the mess truck arrives. It only takes a minute to unreel a cable, hook it on the jeep, and snake it right out of there.

GEORGE, who is great for staying out of work, loafs around talking to the mess sergeant.

"Where you going from here, sergeant?" he asks.

"I've already left chow for you boys. Now I got to cross the stream and feed the O. D.s," he says.

"Harry," George whispers to me, "as soon as the sergeant gets up in the cab to drive off, jump in the back of the truck."

"Hey," I protest, "I got no clothes!"

Before I can get the drift of things, the truck starts and George jumps on behind. I hesitate a moment. I am tired. And all I get in all day long is trouble. But George gives me a hurt look, like I am deserting him, so I make a sprint and catch the truck.

"What's the idea?" I whisper. "He's going over into O. D. territory, and we got no clothes and no weapons."

"Sure we have," George answers. "I put our guns on board, back of the chow there. And what about these for clothes?"

He tosses me a rolled-up bundle. I unroll it.

"Hey," I say, "these aren't mine."

"Of course not," George answers. "They're the clothes of the two prisoners. Put them on quick. We'll soon be in O. D. territory."

"What about the rule against dressing like O. D.s?"

"There are no rules of warfare," George says. "This is an age of fifth columns and Quislings. I'll bet the only reason the captain told us not to switch uniforms was to see if any of us has the enterprise to do it."

"Well, I haven't," I say flatly.

But it is too late. Already we are crossing the creek. And if I am going to be captured, I want more on than just shorts. So I put on these O. D.s.

This truck goes on up to the O. D. headquarters. When it stops, George and I leap out of the back with our guns. We look around. Over by a camp table, Sergeant Yost is holding a council of war with a couple of his corporals. Lieutenant Thorpe is sitting by, waiting for something to happen that he can referee, I guess. And he hasn't long to wait.

George and I approach the group

(Continued on page 58)

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- ☐ A Rhumba

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You hear it on which radio program?

- ☐ Beat the Band
- ☐ Red Skelton
- ☐ Fibber McGee and Molly

You ought to "det a whippin' " if you don't guess this! Yes, it's the Red Skelton program. And for you, perhaps the fun takes on a special glow, tonight. Because the crowd's at *your* house and the party's been swell. Games, gags, "eats" and all. You're thankful you didn't call things off . . . on account of the time of the month. You found you *needn't,* for Kotex *stays soft while wearing* . . . and that special Kotex safety center never betrays a girl's confidence!

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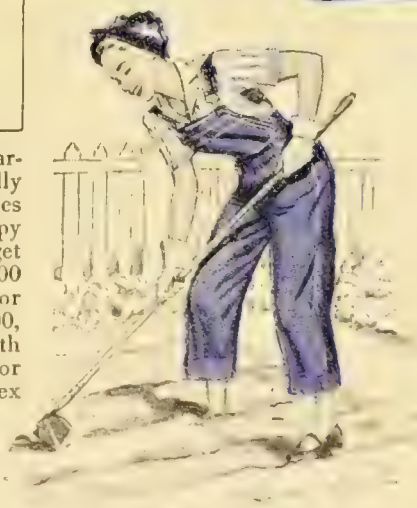

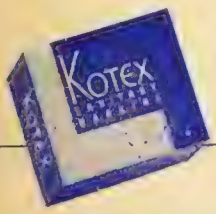

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EQUALLY POPULAR IN CANADA

(Continued from page 56)

without any one noticing. Suddenly George covers them with his gun. I cover a guy acting as sentry.

"Hands up! You are my prisoners," George says.

"What the hell do you mean?" Sergeant Yost demands.

"Just that!" George says. "Hands up or I shoot. Bang! Bang! Bang!"

Now, of course, George does not give them O. D.s time to put up their hands, if they are going to, which same I very much doubt. But now we "bang-bang" them, and with a referee watching, they can't claim they shoot us first.

Sergeant Yost starts yelling very loud that we are in O. D.s and it doesn't count. And George yells just as loud that everything goes. And Lieutenant Thorpe doesn't know what to rule, so he blows his whistle to call Captain Pullen.

Well, I think the captain is going to have a stroke when he sees George.

Lieutenant Thorpe explains the whole matter.

"It's unfair, sir," Sergeant Yost argues. "They came through our lines wearing O. D.s. And you gave strict orders that Sergeant Grawk's men should wear their fatigues."

"Didn't you say to be prepared for all eventualities, sir?" George asks. "It is against the rules of war to use gas, but we all carry masks just the same."

THE captain looks at George a long time. Hard.

"There's a difference between my orders and the rules of warfare, Private McKeller," the captain says at last. "There is no superior power to enforce the rules of warfare. But I am going to enforce my orders. Privates McKeller and Spence, you deliberately wore O. D.s when I ordered your side to wear fatigues. As a result, I declare you both *hors de combat*. For the rest of the maneuvers you will be on K. P."

I feel pretty bad. And George does too. But the O. D.s are smiling, till the captain turns to them.

"Sergeant Yost," Captain Pullen snaps, "you were inexcusably careless in relying upon my orders to protect you. The good soldier is prepared for everything. You will consider yourself out of action. And so will the men killed with you. That is all."

This makes me feel a little better. But not much. The captain gets in his jeep and starts off. I try and cheer up George.

"Well, this makes us heroes," I crack.

"There goes my last chance," George says bitterly.

He stands there dejected. The captain drives a little way, then whirls the car around and returns. He stops right in front of George. George comes to attention. But the old snap is missing. The captain studies him a long time.

"Private McKeller," he says, "you may recall that I said I was not going to recommend you for O. C. S. I have changed my mind. And if the board overlooks your low grade and selects you to go, and if you are as energetic in raising hell with the enemy as you are with my command, you will be this country's greatest soldier since Stonewall Jackson."

"Yes, sir!" George agrees happily.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

An optimist says his glass is half full. The pessimist says his is half empty.

—Anon.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

WITH invasion news filling headlines all over the world, many inquiries are pouring into this department regarding the types of landing craft used by our forces.

Dispatches and radio reports referring to LST, LCT, LCI, LCP, LCV, etc., can be pretty mystifying. To clear up the situation, I'll list and describe briefly outstanding units among our landing fleets. They are:

LST (Landing Ship, Tank), an ocean-going 328-foot ship whose bow drops to the beach and serves as a tank ramp.

Jeep daydream

LCT (Landing Craft, Tank), 100 feet long, for tanks, trucks, or troops.

LCM (Landing Craft, Medium), in 50- and 56-foot lengths, for landing a medium tank or bulldozer.

LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry), 157 feet long, carries up to 200 soldiers, has a number of ramps for quick debarkation.

LCP (Landing Craft, Personnel), 36 feet long, carries 30 to 36 troops, may or may not have ramp.

LVT (Landing Vehicle, Tracked), a 21-foot, 20-man amphibious "Water Buffalo," useful for storming ashore over reefs, rocks, or swampy area.

LCR (Landing Craft, Rubber), in 12- and 16-foot sizes, for landing patrols of seven to ten men.

LCV (Landing Craft, Vehicle), mostly for transporting vehicles, but also can be used for troops.

You also may hear of LCS (Landing Craft, Support), a sturdy 36½-foot armored number especially popular among those who travel in landing vessels, since it carries guns for fire support. And there's the new LSD (Landing Ship, Dock), a 450-foot floating dock for servicing landing craft damaged in an assault, and the still newer LSM (Landing Ship, Medium), described as over 200 feet long and somewhere between LST and LCT.

Details of LSM's operation were still a military secret at the time of this writing.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

I'm burning over that radioman's squawk about the so-called Navy "sunbonnets." I was shocked that one of Uncle Sam's gobs has a complaint about the white hats of the Navy which have saved many seamen's lives. I consider his argument poorly based and the writer nuts. Those "sunbonnets," as he calls them, are useful as a life preserver in case your ship is sunk. You can bail out a boat with them if it's drawing water.

What is more, to me they look swell. That guy must have seen sailors before he signed up. If he doesn't like the hat, what in hell is he doing in the Navy?

J. E. S., RM 3/c,
Fleet Post Office, San Francisco.

You sailors are doing all right. I don't see any cause for an Old Sarge to meddle in a strictly Navy matter.

* * *

They tell me all bombardiers are washed-out pilots. Right?

Mrs. W., Kermit, Tex.

Wrong. Many airmen set out from the beginning to make the grade as bombardiers. It takes a good mathematical background and a high degree of skill to drop those eggs on the target. We all owe a salute to the lads who aim 'em and yell: "Bombs away!"

* * *

Will there be any way for a soldier to buy a jeep after the war?

Pvt. F. K., Douglas, Ariz.

I don't blame you for asking. Wouldn't mind having one of the critters myself. It's a little early to ask the details now, but no doubt a lot of jeeps will be among the surplus equipment offered for sale after victory.

* * *

Hi, Sarge! We're a couple of infantrymen with close to three hitches in this man's Army. A one-word answer to this will do: If we re-enlist after the war in the Marines, will our Army service and longevity count in our new branch of service?

M. and V., Iceland.

Yes.

* * *

I'm a sleepwalker; I stroll in my sleep about every other night. I expect to be called for induction soon. Will I have to tell about that sleepwalking? If I tell, will I be disqualified for service?

R. L., Chicago, Ill.

You will have to give that information. My guess is that you'll walk right through the rejection door, if investigation supports your story. A statement from your family physician or equivalent proof probably will be required.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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PROFESSOR PYRO

Continued from Page 30

expectantly, but Missy did not follow. He shook his head and walked away. J. G. sat down again and looked thoughtfully at his daughter. "Missy, you're a problem to me."

"Pop, what could I do? He wanted shelter for the night and I let him stay in the smokehouse."

"I don't want to lecture you, Missy, but you must be more careful," J. G. said, and sighed. "This being a double parent is too much for me."

Missy rose and crossed to her father's chair, sat on the arm of it, and slipped her arm around his neck. "I'm sorry, pop, but really, I can take care of myself. Please don't worry."

She bent and kissed him. She said softly, "I've been thinking it over, pop. Let's drill an oil well. What do you say?"

"I say no," J. G. said, and pushed her arm away. "I say emphatically no!"

EB was up as soon as sunlight came into his room on the second floor of the Palace Hotel and quickly dressed. When he reached the boardwalk he saw the banker's surrey in front of the bank. He drew in a deep breath and crossed the street. In J. G.'s office he found Missy sitting near the window.

J. G. spoke at once. "I slept on it, Peters, and I'm sorry. I just can't take the risk. This is a small bank. I couldn't invest the depositors' money, and I don't feel I want to take the gamble myself. I'm sorry. I'd like to see you drill a hole."

"I'm going to drill a hole," Eb said. He glanced at the clock. "How do the trains run to Tulsa?"

"One in fifteen minutes," J. G. said. "Going to try your luck there?"

"Yes, I am."

Missy stood up. "I'll drive you to the depot if you like."

"Thank you just the same." Eb turned away, nodded to J. G. But as he passed through the bank he heard Missy's quick feet behind him and her voice calling, "Mr. Peters."

They stood together on the boardwalk. "I just wanted to tell you that I didn't say a thing against you. Can't I drive you to the depot?"

"Yes, I'd be obliged."

As they were rolling down the slope to the station she said, "Well, you certainly pulled the wool over my eyes. You had me thinking I'd converted you and that's why you came back to Othello. I was pretty proud of myself, until I saw what you were doing in the ball park."

"Listen here," Eb said. "You know pretty near everything about me. I'll tell you the rest. This is the only suit of clothes I've got, and I have sixty dollars in my pocket. That's all I've got in the world. I've been looking all my life for just this set-up and I've found it. I don't know whether or not you put a stop to my deal with your father, but it won't stop me from drilling a well."

"But I didn't," Missy said.

"I'll tell you this." His dark eyes burned. "I don't know what you think of me, but you saw the worst of it, whether you believe it or not. I guess I was pretty slick, but I just had to burn those ticket stubs. I had to use every cent I had to get my leases. I'll pay back in oil what I didn't pay on stubs."

Missy turned the surrey through deep grass to the station platform. Eb jumped from the surrey, glanced at the approaching train. Before the train stopped he stepped nearer to the surrey, one hand gripping the whip socket.

"Miss Watson, I never can tell whether you're with me or against me," he said. "But whichever it is, I wish you'd keep it up. You bring me luck." He grinned and hurried across the platform to the waiting train.

In Tulsa it was the same story. Eb had expected it, but he was deeply depressed. He tried the banks, he tried oil men he knew, but there was wildcatting going on all over Oklahoma and Eb's was simply one more wildcat proposition. He had never drilled a well. He was known only as a tool dresser in the Glen Pool, a skilled oil-field worker but a man of no substance. Late that evening he took the Frisco to Sapulpa.

SAPULPA was a small and peaceful town, and Eb walked in the shade of sycamores to a cottage on a hill.

As he raised his hand to knock, the door opened and a big woman grinned and slapped his shoulder with a plump white hand. "Eb, damn you, where did you come from?"

She gave him a prodigious hug, drew him inside the house. In a moment there was a bottle on the kitchen table and he was sketching in all that had happened in the months since last they met. Finally he said, "Rosie, I found the sweetest structure you ever saw, and an oil seep to go with it. It's as plain to see as Spindletop."

"So you're going back into oil, Eb?"

"Yes. I'm going to drill a well. This ain't just talk. I've got something. Look here." He took pencil and paper, sketched rapidly. He did not need to explain anticlines and dip and strike and impervious caps to Rosie. She had opened a gambling house in Kiefer a month after the Ida E. Glen blew in.

Her eyes quickened with interest and she studied Eb. "Son, it's money, of course," she said.

(Continued on page 62)

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Come night, and the PTs take over the swing shift of our insular offensive. Theirs is the job of blasting enemy barges loaded with supplies and men; of torpedoing Tojo's warships and merchantmen; of carrying out hit-and-run raids in which only craft with the PTs' lightning speed can succeed.

How are they doing? See your favorite newspaper. Hardly a day goes by that the communiques don't credit "our light naval units" with another score on the PTs' fabulous record. As this is written, their victims include: a battleship, several cruisers, 15 to 20 destroyers, at least two submarines, scores of aircraft, dozens of merchant vessels and hundreds of landing barges.

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(*Continued from page 60*)

"Yes, it's money. I tried in Tulsa today, but I got no place. Rosie, I could drill that hole for five thousand dollars. How about it?"

Rosie shook her head. "Eb, I put my money into an annuity. I've got no cash."

Eb sank back in his chair. He had reached the end now. Rosie had been his last hope. She suddenly slapped his shoulder. "You know what I'm doing, Eb? I'm raising chickens. I'm going out and catch a nice fryer and fix some supper. You going to stay the night?"

"Yes," Eb said. "I know a fellow over at the Glen Pool. I'm going over and talk to him tomorrow."

Rosie hesitated, her eyes narrowed. "Eb, I don't suppose you could do much good with a thousand dollars."

"Rosie!" He hugged her. "With a thousand dollars I can build me a rig, and once I got that derrick standing I'll get the rest of the money."

"You think you can?"

"Honey, didn't you ever win a pot with a deuce in the hole?"

Rosie grinned. "The thousand's yours, Eb."

IT was late afternoon when Eb returned to Othello. At the Athens Café he found Mr. Anapopolis behind the counter. Eb ordered a cup of coffee and perched on one of the stools. When the Greek put the cup in front of him Eb said, "Maybe you heard I'm going to drill an oil well."

"Yep, it's all over town."

"It traveled fast. Peters is my name, Mr. Anapopolis."

"Yep, I know you, professor."

Eb grinned and said, "You know, if I strike oil, you'll make a mint of money. You'll sell lots of meat balls."

The Greek spread his hands. "Maybe."

"Let's face our hands, Mr. Anapopolis," Eb said. "I'm going to be working on that rig and I'll be sleeping at the Palace Hotel. I'm going to eat here for maybe a month. Now how about a rate for breakfast and supper and a dinner put up to take to the rig with me?"

"I sell you meal ticket," Mr. Anapopolis said.

"All right," Eb said. "I figured maybe you could fix me up for about five dollars a week. See here, it's a kind of investment, Mr. Anapopolis. If I bring in a well you're going to be rolling in the old spondulics."

"Professor, what you tell me is ver' fine. Is wonderful to hear you talk. But, professor, not for me!"

A girl's voice broke in, saying, "Pops, what's the matter with you?" Stasie Anapopolis stood at the kitchen door.

"Stasie, is not your biznez," Mr. Anapopolis said.

Stasie came forward and stopped a few feet from Eb. "When does your well commence, professor?"

"Soon as I get the tools. I was just telling Mr. Anapopolis—"

"Call him Pops," she interrupted. "Everybody calls him Pops."

Mr. Anapopolis went on polishing the counter.

"Dinner you want in a box, breakfast and supper?" the girl asked.

"That's right, Stasie."

"For five dolla' each week? You know we lose money, but we do it."

Instantly Eb had a five-dollar bill out on the counter. "Here's for the first week."

The Greek looked at it, frowned at his daughter, then snatched the bill. A smile came grudgingly to his face and he winked at Eb. "My Stasie, she boss here."

Stasie said, leaning against the counter beside Eb, "I thought you'd gone away. I don't see you any place and I think maybe you was joking about drilling for oil."

"I sure ain't joking. I'll be drilling inside a week."

"I keep your secret," said Stasie. "And then I find that everybody knows it. You have fun with me."

"No, ma'am. You're the first one I breathed a word to." He smiled at her. "Say, what do you do for fun in this town?"

"Oh, picnics. Take walks up on the hill. I listen to the birds. I dream I am in the mountains where is clear water and big peaks and pine woods to smell, like there."

Eb's eyes followed her pointing finger to the mural on the wall. He said, "I believe you painted that picture."

"Why you say that?"

"I saw a little red paint on your hand the other day."

"Sure she do it," Pops broke in proudly. "She got now a little box of paints and she bring back pitchurs from her walks. You should see, professor."

Eb sat looking at the Greek girl's gay black eyes. Her thin hands were rarely still; the long fingers moved nervously. He said, "Say, let's take a walk and look the town over."

Her thick lashes veiled her eyes. "I am busy now. Some other night, professor, maybe."

THE next day the rig builders went to work. Eb had remained away from the Othello State Bank. On the third day J. G. drove out to the location with Missy. The great derrick legs were ready to be raised and girts and sway braces had been cut to length. The land had been cleared to build the engine house and belt house.

"Hello," J. G. said. "I see you made out all right."

Missy looked at Eb speculatively. "You know, pop is beginning to regret that he didn't go in with you."

"Mighty interesting," J. G. said. "I never saw an oil well drilled."

"My machinery will be coming in pretty soon," Eb said. "I ought to be able to spud in next week. Found some secondhand stuff at the Glen Pool. I'm going to arrange for somebody to haul water and fuel, and Tom Pitt's boy is going to work with me."

"Eddie Pitt? He ain't learned farming yet, much less oil drilling."

"He's a good strong boy, though, and I believe I can teach him to dress tools."

J. G. shook his head. "Plenty of details to it, I see."

"Drilling an oil well ain't as simple as digging a posthole. I've got to swing bits weighing a thousand pounds and more, and pound my way down with them."

J. G. glanced at Missy. "Suppose Nicey can put an extra plate on the table tonight?"

"Yes indeed. Will you come and take pot luck, Mr. Peters?"

Later, in the dining room of the house on the hill, as Nicey served dinner, J. G. came to the point. "Peters, if you're still looking for a partner, I might come in."

It was as simple as that. Eb said, "I'm willing, Mr. Watson."

"I'm not a rich man, and four or five thousand dollars is all I can put in," J. G. said. "It's a mighty big piece of cash for me. We've got to drill this hole as cheap as we can, and we've got to pray for an oil well."

Eb had a warm feeling for this sincere little man. He said quietly, "J. G., I feel that way, too. We got to make an oiler, and I know we're going to. Just walking on the side of the hill you can feel the bulge of it. There's bound to be a structure."

They talked of costs and details.

"I can get a set of tools cheap," Eb said. "They've seen service and we'll be dressing bits every screw, but that Pitt boy is strong and we'll get by. The whole works will set us back eighteen hundred dollars."

"Eighteen hundred!" J. G. whistled. "Eb, we haven't even started to drill yet."

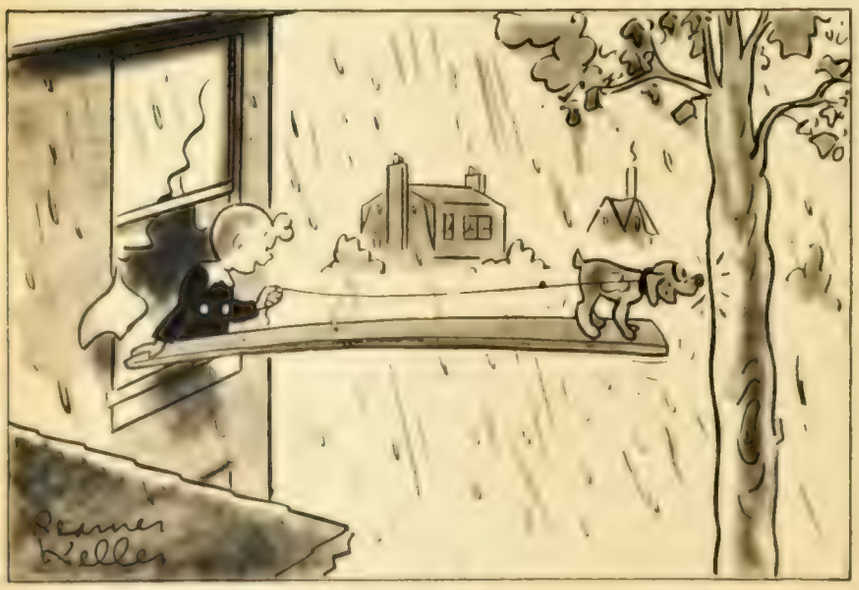
"J. G., I got a bargain. And I can pick up a couple hundred feet of ten-inch casing at less than half price to start off with. I can even pick up a control head for fifty dollars."

"Control head? What's that?"

"You screw it on top of your pipe and when your well comes in you can shut her down."

"Eb, I admire your confidence, but seems to me we could let that go until we bring in a well."

HARDTACK



"Don't you worry, J. G., we're going to need it."

J. G. chewed his cigar to a pulp. At length he said, "Now, before we sign an agreement, Peters, I want to ask you one question. Is that rig paid for?"

Eb grinned. "It's paid for."

"And what else are you putting in?"

"What else?" Eb said. "Good Lord, I'm putting in a three-quarter interest in the leases."

"Three quarters?"

"One quarter goes to a friend of mine, J. G. Where do you suppose I got the money to build the rig?"

J. G. nodded. "Yes, I see." He put out his hand.

In the hall, Missy, who had gone to the door to greet Albert, came running up to them. "Well? Well, pop?"

"It's done," J. G. said. "We're in the oil business."

"We'll spud in next week," Eb said. "Tuesday morning, if everything goes right."

"I'll be there." Missy's eyes were shining. "Albert, did you hear?"

Albert nodded, and Missy cried, "We'll have a picnic next Tuesday, Albert, and watch them spud in."

"Sorry," Albert said, eying Eb. "I have to go to Tulsa Tuesday to the regional bank conference."

"Oh, well, we'll have a picnic anyway," Missy said. "I'll be there, professor."

"I sure hope so," Eb said. "You're my rabbit's foot, Miss Watson."

Albert watched them, saw the exchange of glances. He gave Eb a searching look. "Can I give you a lift, Peters?"

"All right, thanks."

As he shifted gears, Albert said, "I don't understand it. I can't figure J. G.'s sinking his money in an oil well. He ought at least to have consulted a geologist. I sure wouldn't gamble my money on one man's say-so. J. G.'s not so well fixed as you'd think. He was gambling on the stock market and got caught in the panic of 1907."

"You can drop me off at the Palace," Eb said.

Albert stopped the runabout in front of the hotel. He smiled faintly. "Peters, you're new to this town and I don't think you understand people like us. Take Missy, for instance. She has her ideas, like suffragism and all that, but actually she's a child. She only knows one kind of people, and she's nice to everybody because she thinks they're her kind. She never ran onto any one like—well, like Professor Pyro before. You see what I mean?"

The muscles of Eb's jaw tightened and his dark eyes gleamed angrily. His voice came low and deep. "Neville, you're the kind of snob I'm going to tangle with one of these days."

He got out of the car and walked into the Palace Hotel. But his anger passed. He was elated. He was set now to drill a well and was eager for the morning. And it pleased him that Albert Neville was jealous.

THE new pine wood of the rig was yellow on the hillside as Missy drove to the grassy area where the derrick stood. Eb walked to meet her.

"You look happy," Missy said, smiling.

"This is the day I always dreamed about, spudding in my own well." He helped her out of the buggy and led the way through the crowd. Men were standing on the walkway, looking at the engine on its block of solid hardwood, at the band wheel and the huge walking beam overhead. On the floor of the

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rig, seated on the lazy bench, was J. G. who made space for her beside him.

"We're ready to make hole," Eb said, and called to Eddie Pitt, who stood beside the huge bull wheel.

Eb stood at the hole in the center of the derrick floor, above which the fifteen-inch spudding bit was suspended on a cable running over the crown block to the bull-wheel shaft. A jerk line stretched from the wrist pin of the crank on the band wheel to a spudding shoe attached to the cable above the bull wheel, so the turn of the crank would raise and drop the bit.

J. G. said in a low tone, "Missy, I reckon I'm a fool to do this. I must have been mesmerized."

"He casts a sort of spell," Missy agreed. "There's something persuasive about him, and you can tell that down underneath he's honest and sincere."

J. G. snorted. "Honey, I like him, but he's a rascal, and don't forget it."

"I like him, too," Missy said.

Eb said in a vibrant tone, "Here we go!" He turned the telegraph wheel.

Missy heard the sudden rumble of the engine and saw the cable dip into the hole. She heard the impact of the monstrous bit on the earth below, and a puff of dust spurted up through the hole as the thousand pounds of metal crashed down. The rope pulled up and dipped again—up and down as the crank on the band wheel turned.

Missy soon tired of it, and when she rose to go Eb shut off the engine.

"Tomorrow or the next day we'll make up the tools," he said. "First we got to drill enough hole with the spudder to put the string in, but when we get 'em in we'll make hole. We'll hammer our way down there fast."

Missy let her father off at the bank, and drove on to Fanny Carter's house to a meeting of the Othello Suffrage Committee. They had planned to discuss circulating a petition to the Congress for a universal suffrage amendment, but there was little talk of suffrage.

Fanny said, "Missy, I hear they began drilling today."

"That's right."

The faces of the women were eager. Besides Fanny there were Jane Simmons, Jo Oliver, wife of the furniture dealer, and Maribelle Evans, who taught history in the grade school. And in a corner sat Anastasia Anapopolis.

"I can't imagine J. G. doing it," Jo Oliver said. "Putting up all that money. I just can't imagine it. Do you suppose that man has any idea what he's doing?"

"What man, Jo?" Missy's voice had a sharp overtone.

"That Professor Pyro."

"His name is Eb Peters," Missy said.

Jo laughed. "He'll always be Professor Pyro to me. Really, Missy, did you see that demonstration?"

"Didn't you get your refund, Jo?" Missy asked sweetly.

Jo's eyes snapped. "I know Joe Carter didn't get his three hundred dollars refunded, did he, Fanny?"

Fanny Carter said, "No. But fireworks or no, I wouldn't back an oil well on his say-so. Albert told Joe it was on that professor's say-so that J. G. did it."

Missy's lips tightened. But it was Stasie who spoke. "I think he is very smart fella," she said.

Missy smiled at the thin Greek girl, and Stasie went on, "He eats at the Athens and we talk. He knows so much about oil I bet you we find plenty oil."

Missy broke in brightly, "Jo, has your husband signed the petition yet?"

Jo flushed. "No. I'm still working on him."

Missy savored the triumph, looking pointedly at Jo's pink cheeks. After a moment of strain she said, "Anyhow, I think we ought to decide on this idea of opening a booth on Main Street. It's not so long until the election on November eighth. We've got to win it."

She put the resolution, and it was adopted. She departed, taking Stasie, and in the buggy she said, "So he eats all his meals at the Athens, Stasie?"

"Yes. We give him breakfast, supper, and a dinner to take for five dolla' by week. He is not got much money. Four sandwiches I put in his box today." Stasie laughed. "Oh, how he eats!"

When Missy returned home, she found Albert and her father sitting on the gallery.

"Back already, Albert?" Missy said.

"Yes, I made my speech and caught the evening train." Albert stood up. There was repressed excitement in his manner, and his blue eyes gleamed. "I had quite a time in Tulsa, quite a time. I was talking to a couple of oil men," he looked down at Missy, "about the Glen Pool."

"Albert, if you've got something to say, say it!" J. G. said impatiently.

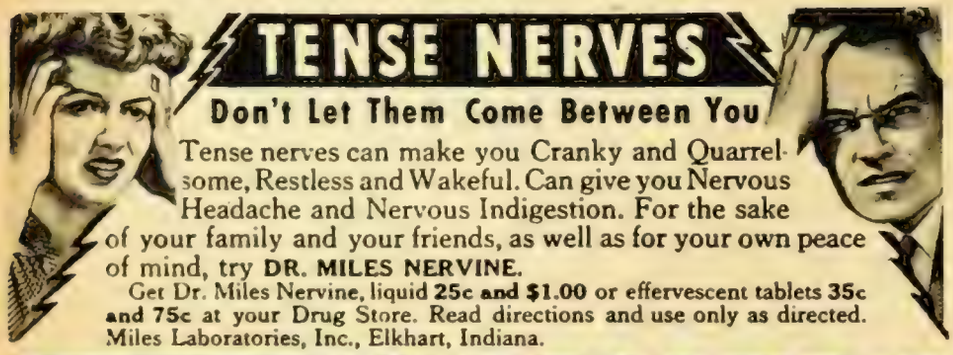
Albert flushed but still smiled. "It seems there was a notorious woman at the Glen Pool. She ran a gambling house, the toughest of them all. Her name was Rosie Hogan. Professor Peters used to work in that gambling house. He was a card dealer there."

J. G.'s lips tightened. "The only question that concerns us is, is he an oil man?"

"I guess he's an oil man, all right."

"Then that's good enough for me," J. G. said. "Let's go in to supper."

THEY had set two hundred feet of ten-inch pipe for surface casing and the tools were in the hole. The walking beam swung up and down on the hillside, and in the earth below the bit



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pounded at the rock. But after every screw drilled every new six feet of hole they had to haul up the tools, heat the bit cherry red in the forge, and pound it back to a concave shape and flaring edge with the heavy sledge hammers.

Up at dawn and out to the well, home at nightfall almost too weary to eat, Eb had little time for other thoughts than the log of the well, problems of water and fuel and bits soft as butter.

J. G. made daily trips to the rig, and he was there the morning they drilled into a water sand at six hundred feet and water bubbled up out of the pipe.

"That's it," Eb said. "We got to case it off, J. G."

"What does it take this time?"

"Eight and a quarter inch. The list price is a dollar fifty-nine a foot." Eb scribbled on the lazy bench. "Nine hundred and fifty-four dollars. But I can get it half price—salvaged stuff."

"Say five hundred dollars, then." J. G. frowned as he made mental calculations. "Eb, that will bring the total outlay to forty-one hundred. I said five thousand was my limit. I mean it, Eb."

"I'll buy the pipe cheap as I can, J. G."

Every night Eb made reports on the drilling, at the barbershop and the Athens Café. Six hundred feet, he would say, limestone. Six hundred and fifty feet, gumbo. Seven hundred, sea shells.

Stasie thought he was joking. "Sea shells in Oklahoma?"

"That's right. You see, Stasie, there used to be an ocean covering up this land, and that's why we've got oil down yonder. The oil comes from fishes and little tiny living things in the sea water."

THE days were lonely at the rig in the heat of the hillside, and when night came Eb was too tired to seek amusement. He would go with dragging feet to his room in the Palace Hotel, past the clerk, who refrained from speaking of his unpaid bill while the walking beam still seesawed on the hillside.

For days he had not seen Missy. But one morning she came to the well. Eb saw her buggy moving among the trees and shut down the engine. He stepped from the rig floor and went to hold her horse's head. She got out of the buggy and went with him to the derrick. He took the last of a row of small white sacks from a hook above the lazy bench. It bore the label "1196 ft." He shook bits of crushed rock onto his palm. "Here's the latest cuttings. It's a good sandstone, and it could be the top of the Cherokee formation. I don't know."

"Is that encouraging?"

Eb dumped the cuttings back in the sack. "Neither one nor the other. What I'd like to see now is a good compact shale. When you got an oil sand you got to have a good impervious cover over it, like hard shale, so the oil can't escape up out of the sand."

Missy sat down on the lazy bench. "What do you hear from Rosie Hogan?"

"Huh?" Eb stared at her.

She looked down at the derrick floor.

"Eb, that's true, isn't it?"

"What's true?"

"That you used to work in that place."

"Why, sure. I dealt faro for Rosie over at the Glen Pool. What of it?"

"Well, she's—well, I mean she's pretty notorious." Missy raised her head. The gaze of her hazel eyes was steady. "Eb, why do you do things like that?"

Eb defended Rosie Hogan with angry loyalty. "Listen here. There's nothing wrong with Rosie. She is a fine gal. Sure she ran a gambling house, but she ran it square and I was proud to work for her. I don't want to hear anything against Rosie."

Eb turned his back and put his hand out to the telegraph wheel. The engine began to roar and the walking beam creaked on the Sampson post. The cable rose and dipped in the hole and rose again and water sloshed out and wet the toes of Missy's slippers. He turned off the engine and stood looking at the hole.

Eddie Pitt called, "Another one, professor?"

"Another one," Eb said.

Missy got up from the bench. "What's the matter, Eb?"

"Water," Eb said. "We struck another water sand."

"That's bad, I suppose?"

"It's expensive. We'll have to case it off." He picked up a manufacturer's catalogue, ran his finger down a column of list prices and slapped the book shut.

"Eddie, you can leave off shoveling coal," he said. "And you might as well go home and get washed up. We'll have to lay off until we get some pipe."

Eb looked at Missy. "Want to drive me to town?"

"Yes, of course."

HE went into the tool house and changed his overalls for his black pants, put on a clean shirt. There was still grease on his hands and he wiped it away with waste as he came out of the tool house, whistling.

"Is it as bad as that?" Missy asked. "That's why you're whistling, isn't it?"

Eb shrugged. "Just a little water."

"I guess I don't bring you good luck any more," Missy said softly. As they drove to town she kept glancing at his solemn profile, noticed that his fingers ceaselessly tapped his knees. She let him off at the bank, and when he went into the banker's office, J. G. shook his head gravely. "I know it's not good news that brings you here during working hours, Eb."

"We had another little water sand."

J. G. groaned. "What is it this time?"

"Six-and-five-eighths pipe. Twelve hundred feet of it. I can get salvaged stuff, like I did before. I believe I can get it for less than a thousand."

"And there's freight and hauling on top of it, and a crew to run it. Eb, it's too much. You've come to the end of your drill rope."

"Now, see here, J. G." Eb began to sweat. "We're down twelve hundred feet, and I'll swear we'll hit the Cherokee sand in another fifty."

Eb sat down. He felt vaguely ill, and sweat beaded his forehead. His palms itched with perspiration.

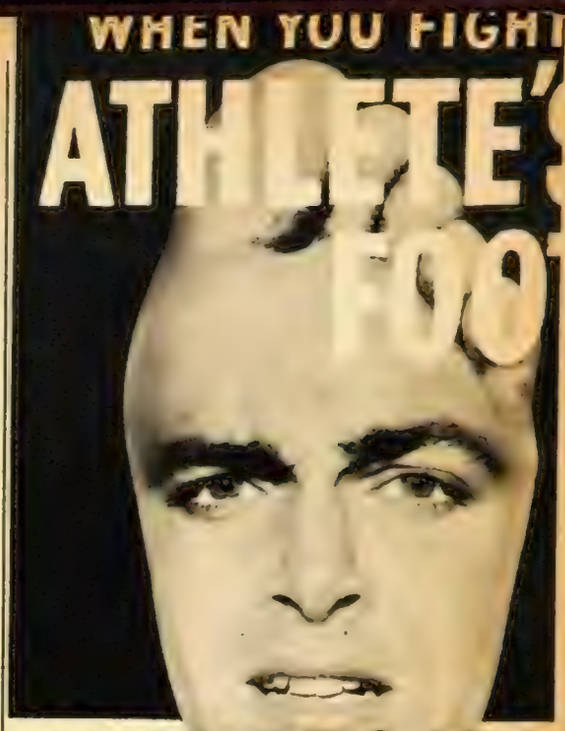
"You're drilling for the Cherokee sand, and you reach a sandstone formation and up comes water. Eb, don't that mean a dry hole?" J. G. queried.

"J. G., it could be the top of the Cherokee formation. It probably is, but that formation is hundreds of feet thick and the sand we're looking for is a little deeper. That ain't the Cherokee shallow sand."

"How can you tell it's not?"

"J. G., I just *know* it ain't. The only way to tell is to go a little deeper. All we got to do is case off that water and go down a few more feet. Maybe fifty feet. Maybe a hundred feet. J. G., we just can't quit now."

Besides the loss of his stake in Eb's oil well, J. G. is in for far worse trouble. Now it is Eb's turn to help a friend—again by deceit and fraud—in which Albert aids him!



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FIGHTS KILL ALL 5 FUNGI

(*Continued from page 52*)
up, with their propellers spinning, while being hoisted on the elevators. The pilots also were to be in the planes on the hangar deck, riding up with them on the elevators and ready to go.

The planes from the elevators would be signaled off the flight deck almost as fast as they appeared from down below, and the elevators would drop again for another load. Meanwhile the planes already on the flight deck would be taking off at the same time.

All these operational plans remained in our minds even as we talked about other things. We were aware that if all went well the carrier would show herself at her acme of teamwork.

Somebody suggested that we go below for a game of acey-deucy. But nobody responded to the suggestion. It was not an acey-deucy night, that was all, even though our carrier happens to be an acey-deucy vessel. Other vessels happen to be cribbage vessels, and still others happen to go in for something else.

We continued jabbering about anything that came to mind—anything whatsoever.

Three more hours. Then two. Then one.

Our ship's band gave a concert on this same flight deck just before sunset last night. It was a regular concert with concert music. It was given outside here so that the captain, who cannot leave the bridge, could hear it too. The members of the band, standing in a circle, played while dressed as usual in their customary working dungarees. Most of them are the "talkers" while at battle stations.

THE hush which came over our carrier after the last of our planes had whirled off the flight deck into the darkness was a hush which burned right into our bodies.

The take-offs down the dark deck had been fast but not perfect. One torpedo plane with its bomb load did not make it. During the last few yards the plane wobbled, something happened, and it went over the side.

We saw the plane go over, but there was nothing to be done about it. We could not stop. The carrier, going at her top speed to create what launching wind she could, had to continue going, the remaining pilots taking off regardless.

The fallen plane was reported by some one to have been seen still above surface as we scraped past the spot. Life preservers had been snatched from the deck and thrown over. But it would be up to the destroyers somewhere in the darkness behind us to try to make the rescue.

The ocean was black and the sky was black, but the sky had strange stars in it. They were faint stars of blue and red. They became fainter as they circled around us and upward. The squadrons were collecting themselves, joining together up there, each plane to its own kind.

By all the laws of chance, collision after collision should have occurred in the darkness above us. In getting together squadron by squadron, with so many carriers operating, there should have been confusion in recognizing one another's faint lights.

Perhaps if we had thought about it, our own neck muscles would have been aching. From the island we had stretched our necks with each plane as it churned down the flight deck to jump into darkness.

Though we were still a blacked-out ship, there were some concealed blobs of light on deck to mark a sort of hidden trail for the pilots, but these blobs didn't amount to much. The flames from the exhausts, though, meant a lot to the rest of us. By them we could tell if the pilot was going to make it or not. If he wobbled along the deck, we could not breathe.

There was always a dip-off at the end when the exhaust flames dropped from sight. If they didn't come right up again, and instantly, and circle off to port, then we grabbed each other's arms and held them. It may have been some crazy sort of mutual prayer.

Some of the other carriers with us did not have perfect luck with their launchings, either. We could follow the blue-reddish stars from those flight decks with more of an onlooker's detachment than we could our own.

Besides, our planes were all off and away while some of the others were still taking off. We felt proud about this. We would thump one another, point into the darkness, and say: "Look—they're still taking off over there. What do you think about that?" It was silly, but it made us happy—happy as a unit for our ship.

A few times, though, distant stars did not rise as fast as they should. We would stare then, and not say anything at first. The star, after leaving some flight deck which we could not see, would remain at the same low level too long. Instead of holding its own even there, it might begin slipping ever so slightly.

We fairly could feel the pilot doing everything he knew, throwing into the sinking plane every trick he ever had learned. If he could only hold his own for another two seconds! we would think. Or another second— Well, usually he did.

Sometimes the light, after moving so low that it was blended into its own reflection along the sea, would begin making a space, ever so gradually, between itself and its reflection.

"It's up!" Who among us would yell it first we would not know. Maybe nobody among us would yell it first. Maybe it wasn't even yelled. Maybe the words formed themselves of their own accord.

But there were the few other times too, when the light and its reflection would refuse to separate, and when finally they would come together, leaving but the ember of a quick little flash.

Lacking anything to say, we nevertheless felt we had to say something. "A destroyer will get him, I bet." And soon we would be far away from that locality also. He and his gunner and the fallen plane would be but another distant part of the night back there, and the best we could leave them was words.

FROM which section of the sky to expect the first appearance of dawn was something about which we never were quite certain.

During those earliest shadings of predawn the vacancy of our flight deck struck us as something far more personal than mere vacancy. How was Willie doing by now? we wondered. And how was Monk doing? And how were Jake and Denny and Slats and Old Kid Wampas?

Maybe in the darkness our squadrons missed the target. Maybe they bypassed it. Maybe they were still hunting for it. If so, how about their fuel supply? Maybe the Japs knew we were coming in all the time. Maybe it was an ambush. Maybe—

Our ship's radios are tuned to intercept messages, but we dare not send any. Up in the island our spotters, wearing their tin helmets, watched through glasses for enemy aircraft. All of us had our tin helmets with us or else within easy reach. But a ready-room is really the place to be while waiting. Some of us moved there. Remaining on the screen were the last teletyped orders to the flyers before manning their planes. On the screen would be flashed, too, a teletype of the first intercepted word.

Somebody tried to ease the tension by saying: "Just like election night."

"God, if it isn't!"

But nobody laughed. Nobody at all in that room laughed. Nobody anywhere laughed.

Another excerpt from Daybreak for Our Carrier, soon to be published in book form by Whittlesey House, will appear in Liberty next week. The Navy Office of Public Relations, through the Council on Books in Wartime, has made this material available. All royalties resulting from its sales are directed to Navy welfare agencies.

THE HOME FRONT

"Why aren't you in the movies?!!"

Thank You, America, *for your* Tremendous Endorsement

of Zenith's Crusade to Lower the Cost of Hearing!

OFFICE OF
E. F. McDONALD, JR.
PRESIDENT

Zenith Radio Corporation
CHICAGO

To: The Hard of Hearing, and
All Who Are Interested in Them.

Last November Zenith said: From now on, NO ONE NEED PAY MORE THAN $40 FOR A QUALITY HEARING AID. Your phenomenal purchases testify how completely you agree. Already, your demand has made Zenith's rate of hearing aid production THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD TODAY!

By placing Zenith's finest quality within reach of all, the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid is restoring thousands in every walk of life to the world of sound. It is rehabilitating men and women for greater usefulness in wartime work. It is removing the shadow of failure from school children whose lives were darkened by defective hearing.

Some have asked "How can Zenith's finest precision quality sell at this revolutionary low price?" That Zenith is the world's leading maker of radionic products exclusively is but a partial answer.

Perhaps more basic is this: Zenith builds not to a price, but to an improved modern principle of hearing aid design: The principle of instant personal adjustment. You, yourself, "focus" this instrument for your particular hearing needs -- for different voices and surroundings -- as conveniently as you focus a pair of binoculars!

Thus with the Zenith there is no need for old-way testing and frequent adjustments by high-pressure salesmen. There is no need for home calls and other expensive sales promotion. The quality is in the instrument itself, where it belongs!

By its excellence, by its low price and low-cost battery upkeep, the Zenith is bringing about something new in our nation. It is making the hearing aid as popular among those with impaired hearing as eyeglasses are among people with impaired vision.

For your understanding of Zenith's Crusade to lower the cost of hearing, for your overwhelming response to the new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid, THANK YOU AMERICA!

E. F. McDonald Jr.
President, Zenith Radio Corporation

P.S. To those not yet wearing a Zenith: You are invited to attend a demonstration at your local Zenith-franchised optical establishment. HEAR THE PROOF.

THE NEW ZENITH RADIONIC HEARING AID

$40 Ready to Wear

Complete with Radionic Tubes, Crystal Microphone, Magnetic Earphone, Batteries and Battery-Saver Circuit. One model—no "decays"...One price—$40...One quality—Zenith's best. Covered by a liberal guarantee.

Accepted by American Medical Association Council on Physical Therapy

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

There are cases in which deficient hearing is caused by a progressive disease and any hearing aid may do harm by giving a false sense of security. Therefore, we recommend that you consult your otologist or ear doctor to make sure that your hearing deficiency is the type that can be benefited by the use of a hearing aid.

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

IN THE BLOOD: A study of identical twins who had been separated during infancy, before getting a chance to know each other, revealed that the majority had lived similar lives, many of them taking up the same occupation. Geraldine and Margaret Grace, who are sisters, but not even twins, were separated when they were babies, and never met until this spring. Both specialize in Hawaiian dance numbers, and were employed in the same night club several weeks before they found they were sisters. The relationship was established through the home town city clerk's office. Their mother, Mrs. Marion

Russell Grace, whom they are now seeking, was separated from them twenty-two years ago. Margaret, the older of the sisters, always believed Geraldine had died when she was a baby. Mrs. Grace had obtained a divorce two weeks before Geraldine was born, and Margaret went to live with her grandparents, while Geraldine was placed in another home.

WAR ROMANCES: Private Robert F. Morris of Boulder, Colorado, is a twenty-two-year-old veteran of the Sicilian campaign. Hit by shell fragments, one of his legs was torn off, the other seriously injured. When his high-school sweetheart, nineteen-year-old Mary Green, heard he had arrived at Halloran General Hospital on Staten Island, she came east from Boulder, and got herself a job in a Staten Island war plant. The two were married recently, the bridegroom still on his hospital cot. Another patient was best man. There were a mammoth wedding cake and ice cream for the guests, who included the patients in Private Morris' ward and members of the medical and nursing staffs. The newlyweds plan to return to Boulder when the bridegroom's health permits. . . . Private Otto Huttenen of Warren, Ohio, was blinded, lost his left hand and the index finger of his right hand in a mine explosion in the North African campaign. In January, 1943, he was taken to St. Dunstan's Hospital in England. Still suffering from shock, he refused food, until Miss Ruth Curtis, a British Red Cross nurse, came into the picture. He had tea with her, and has been having tea with her ever since. They were recently married in London.

GRADE-A CITIZENS: Inheriting citizenship by being born in the United States is like inheriting a fortune. We take it for granted until foreign-born citizens, who *earn* it, bring us up with a start and set us to evaluating our birthright. Henri, a native of France, who had been striving to become a citizen since 1939, made the grade this spring. His working knowledge of our Constitution, our history, and the functions of our federal and state governments puts the average American-born grown-up to shame. In school we all have a grasp of the subject, but the so-called adult is very apt to forget and deteriorate into a complacent ignoramus. Henri was downright ecstatic at the thought that on a certain day he was to realize his dream and become a citizen of the United States. His fervent devotion to America's sweetheart, the Goddess of Liberty, is an inspiration. More power to him, and to all the Henris and Josefs who achieve citizenship the hard way. They make us a stronger, finer nation.

LADIES IN DISTRESS: Mrs. Jesse Vail, a prospective mother, demanded and got extra gas coupons from her ration board in Salt Lake City so that she would be sure of enough gas to get to the hospital. When the blessed event began to happen, the car wouldn't start, and a neighbor had to taxi her. . . . John Raffio brought his twenty-four-year-old wife downstairs to her father's undertaking establishment in Brooklyn, and told her panic-stricken parent that she was about to become a mother. The father-to-be then rushed out in search of a taxi to take her to the hospital, while Undertaker Caretozzolo tele-

phoned the doctor. The baby, an impulsive child, arrived ahead of both the doctor and Mr. Raffio, who promptly swooned when he saw his wife on the chapel floor. Grandpa, father, mother, and baby were all doing nicely in short order. . . . According to Dr. Thomas F. Cathcart of Raleigh, North Carolina, a twenty-five-pound baby girl thirty-two inches long, with a full set of upper and lower teeth, was born to Mrs. Amon Harris, the mother of eleven other children.

ON TOP OF THE WORLD

Snoods are in again this spring—
Snoods of worsted, snoods of string,
Snoods with pompons, snoods with tassels,
Jeweled snoods for queens in castles,
Snoods alive with birds and flowers,
Snoods for day and evening hours,
Snoods ablaze with shining spangles—
This year snoods hit all the angles!

SIBERIA, THE WAKING GIANT

Continued from Page 15

ested in it chiefly for its revenue in furs. Subsequently they made it a dumping ground for political offenders and hardened criminals. In the nineteenth century alone a million exiles trekked their way to Siberia. But scientists, prospectors, and speculators were lured by Siberia's riches and Siberian adventure. Then, at the end of the century, the Trans-Siberian Railway was built. Several million colonizers pulled up stakes in the overcrowded regions of European Russia and migrated to Siberia.

But its great development started only in 1928, when the first five-year plan was launched. War has greatly accelerated the tempo of this development. Now Siberia is perhaps the greatest boom land in the world.

SEVERAL years before the outbreak of the war I started from Moscow on a trip to Siberia. On reaching the Urals, I saw a rock one side of which bore the inscription, "This side Europe," and the other side, "The side Asia." That's where Siberia begins. It stretches all the way across Asia, about 5,000 miles. Eastern Siberia alone is seven times as large as Japan. All Siberia is three times as large as European Russia and one and a half times as large as the United States. And Big Diamede Island, which is Russian, is separated by about only two miles of water from Little Diamede Island, which is American. In this age of aviation Siberia already is one of America's and Canada's closest and most important neighbors.

It is one of the greatest treasure-troves in the world. It has more forest than the rest of Asia and all of Europe together—hundreds of millions of acres of century-old timber trees. It has millions of acres of land as level and black as any in the Ukraine or in Iowa.

It boasts some of the mightiest rivers on this planet—Ob, Yenisei, Lena, and others—and all except the Amur flow north into the Arctic Ocean. Russia is one of the greatest gold and platinum countries in the world, and nearly all Russian gold and platinum come from Siberia. Russia is also one of the greatest fur countries in the world, and the best Russian furs come from Siberia. Siberia's fisheries are world-famous.

Mihailov, the Russian geographer, said that the coal basins of Krasnoyarsk and Kuznetsk alone, both in the heart of Siberia, are enough to supply the needs of the world for three hundred years. The grass in Siberia is so rich that the Danish dairymen who started their industry there at the close of the last century testify that the butter content of Siberian milk is richer than that of Denmark's.

Because Siberia is so rich in natural resources it has again and again come to the rescue of Russia in critical moments during this war. When, in the early months of the fighting, the Germans occupied Krivoi Rog, great iron-ore city in the Ukraine, they were certain that the Russian steel industry could no longer supply adequate armament and ammunition to the Red Army. But they reckoned without Siberia. Out of Magnitogorsk, Russia's new steel city in the Urals, out of Tagil, Zlatoust, Komsomolsk, Khabarovsk, Kuznetsk,

(*Continued on page 72*)

HINTS ON FEEDING BABY HIS FIRST SOLID FOODS

By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph.B.

Baby Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

IF your baby's diet is to be balanced, he must learn to like many new flavors and food textures. Pick the right time to introduce a new food. Feed him a small quantity when he's hungriest—just before the bottle. Place the food well into his mouth, being careful not to gag him, for that might cause permanent dislike. Mealtime should be free from excitement and anxiety. In Heinz Baby Foods—*Strained Foods, Junior Foods* and *Pre-Cooked Cereal*—your youngster gets the full benefit of our 75 years' experience in preparing the world-famous 57 Varieties!

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When the younger feminine set really gets an idea it's only a question of time before the older women are won over too. For instance, the business girl finds Tampax is so compact she can keep several months' supply in her desk drawer. Very soon her mother finds it's just as neat and handy to keep at home . . . Doctor-invented and made of surgical cotton (very absorbent), Tampax solves many problems of monthly sanitary protection . . . Tampax is *worn internally*—no belts, no pins, no odor, no chafing. Readily inserted with ingenious throw-away applicator and it is not even felt when in place. Easy disposal, too. Three sizes of Tampax sold at drug stores, notion counters. Average month's supply, 29¢. [illegible] Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN

(Warner Brothers) Fredric March, Alexis Smith, Alan Hale

"MARK TWAIN," like all great writers, lived so many lives in one that they overflowed into literary immortality. The task of pulling Sam Clemens out of all his books again and cramming him into one life with proper sequence and purpose is a whopper. It took his biographer two volumes to do it; Warner Brothers have done their best in slightly over two hours.

Fredric March handles one of his most exacting roles with competence and charm. You'll like March Twain, from youth to angel-haired age; you'll like the twinkle in his eye as the frog jumps inside his hat, the slow drawl in which he pulls off those famous quips that sparkle throughout the movie. And he carries the whole picture—with small help from the script.

The story itself varies from brief, matchless moments, when the feeling of one of the great books suddenly comes to life and puts you squarely back into the excitement you felt when you first delved into Mark Twain, to long stretches when pieced-together biography fails to ring true. Starting with an odd-looking Halley's Comet—whose appearance marked the author's birth and death years—you are given brief glimpses of his boyhood, later experiences on the Mississippi, and final success as a full-fledged pilot.

Then come the Western mining scenes, delightfully played with Alan Hale as Steve Gillis, and a movie version of the Jumping Frog story—one of the picture's high lights, though Twain fans will know he never set eyes on that frawg. (This beast, on which Twain has been said to ride to literary fame, has also been drafted by the script to carry the entire nation through the Civil War.) Then come Twain's first lecture (good), the courtship and marriage to Livy (Alexis Smith), and glimpses of assorted book titles. Finally a touching sentimentalized treatment of Twain's devotion to aging U. S. Grant leads to the world tour, and everything winds up in triumph at Oxford (with ubiquitous C. Aubrey Smith turning up as Chancellor). Then the comet appears—and you know what that means.

You don't have to be literary to sense this picture's defects. A clear idea to start and considerable cutting would have helped a lot. The amazing thing is how *good* the good parts really are—for instance, the remarkably beautiful and moving sequence of a great river boat inching dangerously through the fog. That this climax has extraordinary power is attested by the fact that in the story it caps off nothing, leads nowhere. Casting is superb—and that inspired use of the river chant "MARK Twai-ai-ain!" will ring in your ears for a long time.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

FOLLOW THE BOYS (Universal). George Raft, Vera Zorina. Drama with music.
KNICKERBOCKER HOLIDAY (Producers' Corp.-U. A.). Nelson Eddy, Charles Coburn. Musical.
LADY IN THE DARK (Paramount). Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland. Drama with music.
PASSAGE TO MARSEILLE (Warners). Humphrey Bogart, Michele Morgan. Drama.
SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE (M-G-M). Robert Walker, Donna Reed. Comedy.
SONG OF BERNADETTE (20th Cent.-Fox). Jennifer Jones, Charles Bickford. Drama.
THE PURPLE HEART (20th Cent.-Fox). Dana Andrews, Richard Conte, Sam Levene. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
UNCERTAIN GLORY (Warners). Errol Flynn, Paul Lukas. Drama.
UP IN ARMS (Goldwyn-RKO). Danny Kaye, Dinah Shore. Musical.

LADY, LET'S DANCE is a dancing-skating treat built around buxom Belita, versatile English star (who claims the stunning birthplace of Nether Wallop) whose ballroom-ballet skill is matched by her entrancing competence on ice. The finale is literally a symphony on skates, with the shock of iced Beethoven masked by Belita's whirlwind performance. The story is a creaky vehicle dealing with a talented refugee (you guessed it—named Belita) who gets her break in the U. S. theater world through an agent (James Ellison) who goes broke as she makes good. You know—only this time the hero evidently fights most of the war before she grabs him out of a wheel chair. Walter Catlett is amusing in a cowboy hat, and Henry Busse lends his orchestra and naïve glimpses of himself as himself. Dancing Maurice St. Clair and comics Frick and Frack are excellent—and there's a show-stealing Gay Nineties number that'll make you wonder where you packed your skates. (Monogram.)

ROY ROGERS rides again—also tracks down buried treasure, sings, and aids distressed ladies Mary Lee and Dale Evans. To appreciate this episode in the ageless saga of the Good Guys versus the Bad Guys, go with an open mind and a bag of chocolate mints—and keep your hands free to clap when the ridin' gets hard and fast. When villain John Hubbard states his low purpose right out, don't waste time being intellectually insulted; just let yourself go—and hiss! You're likely to come out with much the same refreshment experienced by Gilbert and Sullivan devotees, or those addicted to the Gay Nineties olio. For these smoothly modernized Westerns also have a classic quality all their own—an artless friendliness attained by only the more sensitive of the big-time pictures. Good music and modern opulence of production are neatly injected into the pattern of those wonderful jerky old horse operas of silent days. (An' that hoss of Roy's is mighty purty.) (Republic.)

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every Month

Four heavenly honeys—and dat ol' debbil Fred MacMurray—spell trouble in Paradise, a Paramount paradise of singing, dancing, romancing fun called

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These angels haven't got wings and they haven't got halos—but what they *have* got is one of the most delightful stories that even Paramount ever set to music!

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They're a close harmony sister act with no harmony in their love lives and mayhem in their hearts for Fred, a big, bad band leader who tries to make passes at all four lasses, including—

• • •

Dottie Lamour, who swings a guitar where her sarong used to be . . .

• • •

Betty Hutton, the miracle gal of "Morgan's Creek," singing again as you've never seen songs sung before . . .

• • •

Diana Lynn, sassy sensation of "Morgan's Creek," who's sassier than ever when she tangles with a wolf in saxophonist's clothing . . . And dreamy Mimi Chandler, who sings just as pretty as she looks!

• • •

Threaded through the fun are 8 great tunes you'll be hearing soon wherever you twist your dial.

• • •

And Director George Marshall has devised a finish that is really spanking good comedy—with all four "angels" sharing the spanking. Be there to lend a hand.

• • •

And meanwhile, watch very, very carefully for Cecil B. DeMille's "THE STORY OF DR. WASSELL," in Technicolor, starring Gary Cooper—coming soon from

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(Continued from page 69)

and other Ural and Siberian cities, came an increasing flow of steel. All the modern blast furnaces in these cities have been built since 1928.

It was the same with aluminum, indispensable in the manufacture of planes. After swooping down on the aluminum factories in the Ukraine and Leningrad region, the Germans were certain that the Russian aviation industry was about finished. America hurried to Russia what aluminum she could spare, but it wasn't enough. Russian geologists uncovered fresh deposits of bauxites in the Urals and soon Russia had increasing supplies of her own aluminum.

In boring for oil, in the manufacture of silk for parachutes, and in the manufacture of planes, tanks, and rubber, diamond crystals are important. Russia has never been noted for deposits of them. In 1829, quite by accident, a Russian gold prospector discovered the first such crystals in the Urals. Afterward prospectors pecked away at the Ural and Siberian rock in search of more, but with indifferent results.

At the outbreak of the war Russian geologists flung themselves into the wilderness of the Urals and Siberia, and recently Izvestia, official organ of the Soviet government, announced with enthusiasm that in the last year and a half more diamond crystals have been dug up than in the preceding 129 years!

Russians themselves don't yet know all the riches Siberia holds. Hundreds of scientific parties are continually searching it for natural wealth. As the facts are now known, only in oils is Siberia comparatively deficient. In minerals it is inexhaustibly rich. It is these minerals and Siberian timber that have enabled the Soviets to build up since 1928 gigantic steel, machine-building, and armament industries. In heavy industry Siberia is already far ahead of any other nation in Asia, including Japan. Indeed, it is making Russia territorially the largest and industrially the most powerful country in Asia.

THE climate in Siberia, especially north above the forest belt, is quite severe. But in the central and the southern regions, where most of the 25,000,000 population live, cows and sheep can stay out in the pasture five months of the year. There is no Indian summer, nor much spring. There are usually only summer and winter. Yet not even in the Texas Panhandle have I known such hot summer days as there are in Chita, not far from the Manchurian border. Nights are usually cool.

I shall never forget my surprise when I reached the little town of Tiumen. Getting off the train, I was greeted by a crowd of peasant women, boys, and girls selling white rolls, little wooden buckets full of honey, wild strawberries, and gorgeous bouquets of wild flowers. From what I had read and heard about Siberia, I hadn't associated it with honey and flowers. Yet it is noted for both; also for mushrooms, cranberries, blackberries, and bilberries.

In the Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1929 edition, there is this sentence about Siberia: "Fruit growing is rarely successful." When I saw Professor Nikolay Tsitsin, one of Russia's greatest experts on Siberian farming, I asked him if this was true. "Not any more," was his quick reply. He led me to one of his experimental plots and, pointing to the long limbs of an apple tree lying on the ground, he said, "That's the way we

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grow fruit in Siberia. Instead of standing up, the trees are lying down." If they were standing up they would be winter-killed, he explained; but with only the stump of a trunk and with the limbs pinned into the earth, the snow sweeps over them and they can withstand the bitterest cold. The Siberian collective farms, he said, are busy setting out large orchards of apples, pears, plums, and cherries.

Next to the Ukraine, Siberia is Russia's greatest breadbasket. Siberian wheats are world-famous. Siberia also grows rye, barley, and oats. Of late it has been cultivating large plantations of sugar beets. Flax and hemp thrive, as do potatoes and other common vegetables. Much of the food for the Red armies comes from Siberia, not only flour and vegetables but meat, for Siberia is a great cattle country.

Even the treeless tundras that sweep northward are not barren of agriculture. More and more of the lands there are being plowed, and during the short summers, that are sunlit day and night, garden vegetables grow to a large size, although they don't always ripen. Besides, there are millions of square miles of tundra that grow moss and other vegetation which make excellent pasture for reindeer. Siberia has more reindeer than any other country in the world.

War has intensified the industrial and agricultural development. In 1941 alone four million acres of virgin land were plowed and cultivated. The two largest blast furnaces in Europe have been constructed in Siberia since 1941. Machine shops, armament factories, aviation plants, and powerhouses by the score have been built by special construction crews that are one of Russia's real secret weapons.

Siberia has also benefited enormously by the evacuation of many factories from European Russia. Shortly after the battle of Leningrad last January, I made a journey to the former capital of Russia. I visited the Putilov works, the most noted machine-building plant under the czarist as well as the Soviet government. From the director I learned that the bulk of the machine-tools plant as well as the work crews had been evacuated to Siberia. The plant there has been enormously expanded. At present, the director said, almost twice as many workers are employed as when it was working full time in Leningrad. It has since become Russia's most productive war plant.

NO one knows how many people have migrated to Siberia since 1941. Nearly every one I meet in Moscow has some relative there. A conservative estimate is that at least 4,000,000 people have gone there. They're still going. It's doubtful whether many will return, for Siberia needs millions of settlers to carry on the pioneering projects that lie ahead.

I know Russian scientists who are convinced that some day Siberia will have a population larger than America now has. "When properly developed, Siberia can provide work and comfortable living for at least 150,000,000 people," said one of them. "The development it has undergone in the last fifteen years is only the beginning." In more than one respect, that is true. Builders can never catch up with the housing. As soon as a new house is put up, twice as many tenants as it will hold want to move in. Novosibirsk is known as the Chicago of Siberia. It is by far the most striking and most important city there. Like Chicago, it is located in the midst of a rich farming and industrial region. In 1917 its population was only 69,000. Now it is at least three quarters of a million. It has the tallest buildings in Russia, and it is also known as the White City because so many of the buildings are painted white. Yet getting a room in a hotel is even more difficult than it is in wartime Washington.

SINCE 1928 much has been done to expand transportation. The Trans-Siberian Railway has been double-tracked. But because it runs from fifty to 200 miles from alien territory all along the Manchurian border, it couldn't easily be protected from attack, especially in wartime; so a few years ago construction was started on a new railroad farther north. Many new highways have been constructed, but the locations of most of them haven't been disclosed by any Soviet source. No people in the world guard military secrets so closely as do the Russians, and the means of transportation in Siberia, because of past conflicts with Japan, are considered very much a military secret.

But we do know that during the two months of Arctic summer ships sail safely mapped routes in the Arctic Ocean. This is one of the most publicized facts about Russia's efforts to develop a new empire in what Stefansson has termed "the friendly Arctic." Ships sail from the Pacific to European ports and vice versa, and also to and from the mouths of the mighty Siberian rivers. With the coming of the tractor there has been increasing transportation on the rivers even in winter. They stay frozen from six to seven months, and giant caterpillar tractors manufactured in Siberia, hauling caravans of sleds and trucks, ply up and down the rivers on the ice. These are Siberia's new winter highways.

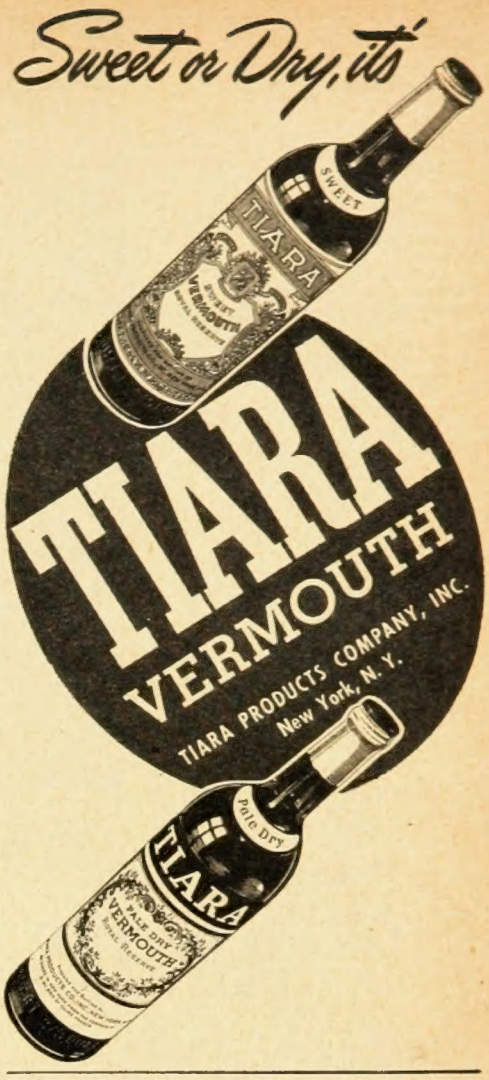
There is also much flying. How much, no foreigner knows. Russians won't tell. Yet on several occasions they have announced that they haven't permitted the fighting in Europe to interfere with commercial flying in the Arctic. When peace comes, Siberia will be the main air highway between Russia and America. In good flying weather it will be possible to fly from Moscow to Chicago in no more—perhaps less—time than it now takes to travel by train from New York to San Francisco.

Life in Siberia is no adventure in luxury. In this stage of the country's development, the Siberians daily face much hardship and sacrifice. Although the food is better than that in wartime European Russia, shortages in textiles and other commodities are no less pronounced. Everything bears the stamp of pioneering, of roughness—frequently enough, of toughness.

Yet woe to any European or American who, when discussing Siberia with a native, speaks of it as "still uncivilized." The Siberian will overwhelm the critic with a burst of picturesque but candid Siberian rhetoric.

Nowhere is Russian local pride more pronounced. There's no use telling a native Siberian that the honey or flowers of sunny Georgia are finer than his own. He won't believe it. There's no use telling him that the girls of the Ukraine or Cossack territory are better-looking than the Siberian girls. He won't even get angry—he'll just laugh and invite you to come to his native city or village and meet the girls there.

THE END



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MAY 20, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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Editor

The mud, the rain, the weariness of battle are forgotten as Guadalcanal Marines watch a movie.

MOVIES FOR THE BOYS

IN war as in peace the chief spare-time diversion of Americans is going to the movies. Donning a uniform doesn't change this habit. Our boys in service still want movies and plenty of them. Nor is their critical sense greatly impaired by their changed status.

The other day a letter came in from a soldier overseas complaining about the movies he has been seeing. His letter stated frankly, "The films are old and stink." A second letter arriving a few days later from a soldier in the same area took the opposite view. "The movies here are swell. I'd like to express our thanks to Hollywood for them."

This divergent reaction is not uncommon and it so happens both soldiers are probably right. When we first began shipping troops overseas they took with them about 1,000 old movies on 16-mm. film. These are still kicking around in far places. The standard-size film you see in the theater is 35-mm., but most of the Army's equipment runs film in the smaller 16-mm. size. Earlier in the war new pictures on 16-mm. film were not available.

Our armed forces represent the world's largest movie audience. The Army had a man-sized job on its hands organizing to provide film entertainment for this audience. It took time to set up a world-wide system of exchanges so that pictures could be routed from one outpost to another.

It took time also for Hollywood to turn out prints of its new pictures on 16-mm. film so that our boys in combat zones, hospitals, and fighting ships could get to see the same movies shown in your local theater and at almost the same time.

Now the shipping of new films overseas is well organized. One hundred eighty-nine programs per week are sent through the Army Overseas Motion Picture Service and distributed by nineteen film exchanges throughout the world. Some travel 7,500 miles to their destinations, the majority of them by air. A film leaving New York today may arrive in Chungking, China, 7,500 miles away, within ten days, and may be seen on a battle front before you view it on the home front.

For the boys still on American soil entertainment films are shown in 1,185 government-controlled movie theaters in camps and Army bases on this continent alone. They are also shown aboard ships at sea and at Naval shore installations.

Hollywood has contributed its services and its money cheerfully and enthusiastically. Altogether the film industry has spent over one million dollars to date on film stock and laboratory fees. The Army Overseas Motion Picture Service, which handles distribution, is steadily improving its operations and our boys in uniform should have less to complain of as time goes on. Meanwhile, if one of our soldiers in Italy happens to go to a civilian theater, he'll probably see a pretty dog-eared picture made years ago. Remember, Mussolini barred American films from Italian territory in 1938.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
. . . FOR ALL

Why no one can play wolf

In times of full and plenty, no limit need be placed on anyone's larder—but these aren't full-and-plenty times.

There's a scarcity of needed things and a vital reason for rationing—for each can have enough only if none is permitted to have a lot. It's the only fair way of doing.

• • •

A similar brand of fairness is behind the present purchase-limits placed on IMPERIAL. With all America's distilleries busy with the big task of producing alcohol for war use, the present supply of whiskey must be made to last for a far longer time than anyone had planned. Like other things, IMPERIAL is one of our scarcities.

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